



No. 93

NOV...TEN CENTS



The **BATMAN**

Detective COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



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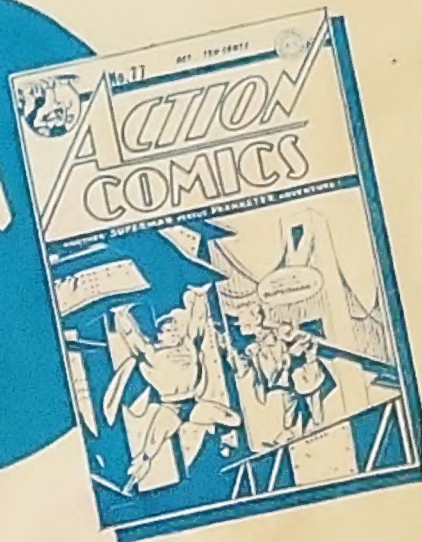
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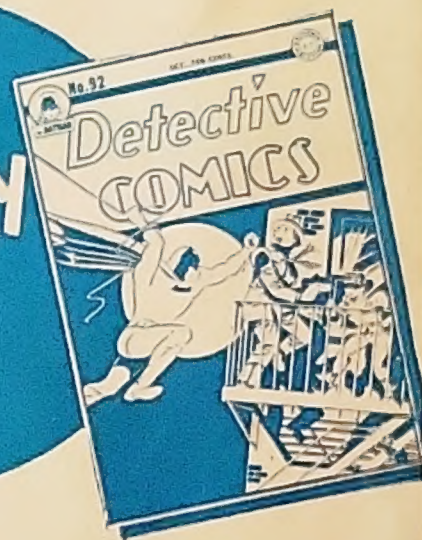
ALL-FUNNY COMICS
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*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterly; ALL-AMERICAN will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year until further notice.

WANT
ACTION?
?



WANT
MYSTERY?
?

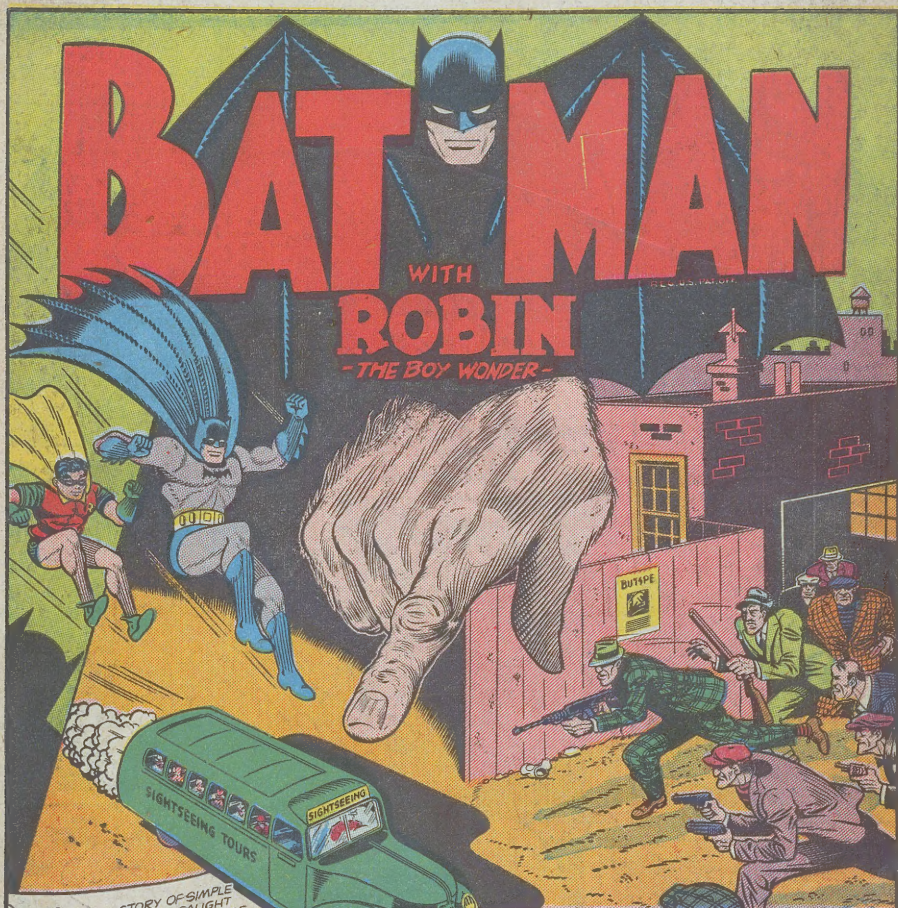


WANT
LAUGHS?
?



LOOK FOR THE
SUPERMAN-DC SYMBOL...
IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST IN
MAGAZINE COMICS!



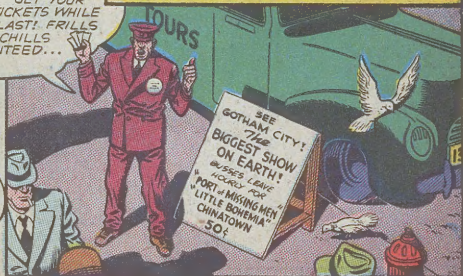


THIS IS A STORY OF SIMPLE HUMAN BEINGS CAUGHT UP IN A WHIRLWIND OF UP IN A PERILOUS EVENTS. A DESPAIRING GIRL... A WORRIED PLAYWRIGHT... A PAIR OF THOUGHTLESS RUNAWAY BOYS... THESE FACE A MENACE THAT DWARFS THEIR PERSONAL PROBLEMS, AS CRIMINALS ATTEMPT KIDNAPPING, THEFT AND MURDER ON AN INCREDIBLE SCALE. AND YET THANKS TO THE SMASHING FLASHING WITS OF THE MIGHTY BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER, THESE FATE-HOUNDED PEOPLE FIND THE ANSWERS TO THEIR TROUBLES, TOO, IN THIS STIRRING ADVENTURE OF...
ONE NIGHT OF CRIME!

STEP RIGHT UP FOLKS! GET YOUR TICKETS WHILE THEY LAST! FRILLS THRILLS, CHILLS GUARANTEED...

BOB KANE

BANNERS AND BALLYHOOD PREVAIL AS THE "RUBBERNECK TOUR"--A TIME HONORED AMERICAN INSTITUTION--SOLICITS CASH CUSTOMERS.





WHAT SORT OF PEOPLE ARE THESE, WHO SEEK AMUSEMENT OR KNOWLEDGE, BY PEERING INTO THE LIVES OF OTHER HUMANS? LET US LOOK CLOSELY AT SOME OF THEM...



WEALTHY VICTOR CLEMENT, SUCCESSFUL PLAYWRIGHT AND PRODUCER, IS SEARCHING DESPERATELY FOR A NEW DRAMATIC PLOT....



MAYBE A SIGHTSEEING TOUR WILL START MY BRAIN CLICKING AGAIN...

LOVELY MARY DALE DREAMED OF BECOMING A GREAT ACTRESS... BUT REPEATED REBUFFS HAVE LEFT HER DISHEARTENED AND ALL BUT DESTITUTE...



I REALLY CAN'T AFFORD IT-- BUT PERHAPS IT WILL TAKE MY MIND OFF MY TROUBLES.

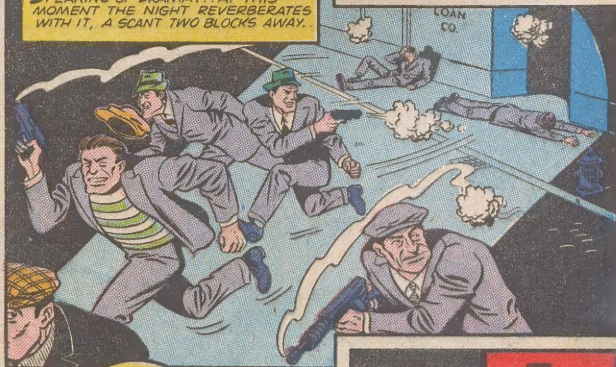
FOOLISH JOHNNY REID AND EDDIE BARTON HAVE DREAMS ALSO... THEY HAVE RUN AWAY FROM THEIR HOMES IN FALLEN CORNERS TO BECOME "AMATEUR DETECTIVES!"



GOLLY OUR MONEY IS GOING FAST! HERE IN THE CITY!

WELL, WE HAVE TO KNOW OUR WAY AROUND IF WE'RE GOING TO BE AMATEUR DETECTIVES, DON'T WE?

SPEAKING OF DRAMA... AT THIS MOMENT THE NIGHT REVERBERATES WITH IT, A SCANT TWO BLOCKS AWAY.



TWO CAPED FIGURES STREAK THROUGH THE DARKNESS TOWARD THE SOUND OF SHOOTING---THE BATMAN AND ROBIN...

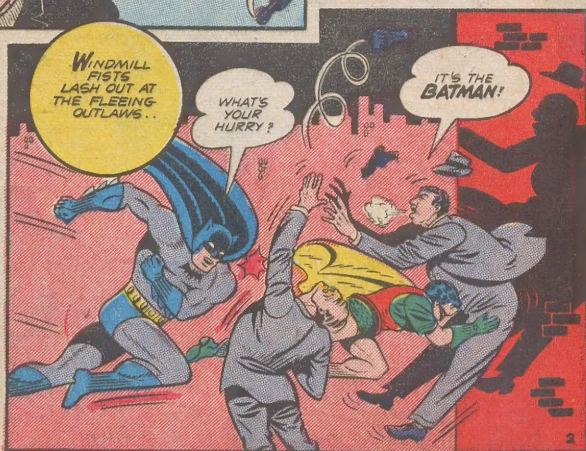
BET IT'S THAT HOLDUP GANG THAT HAS BEEN OPERATING IN THIS PART OF TOWN!

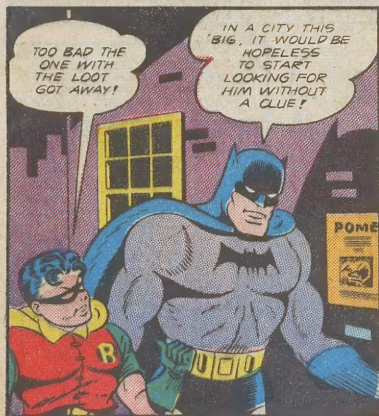
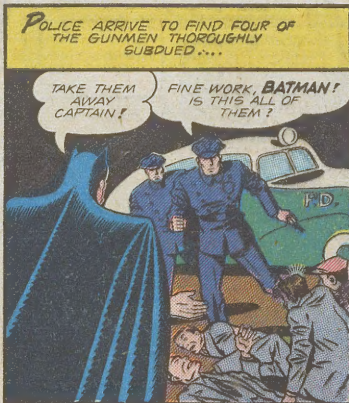
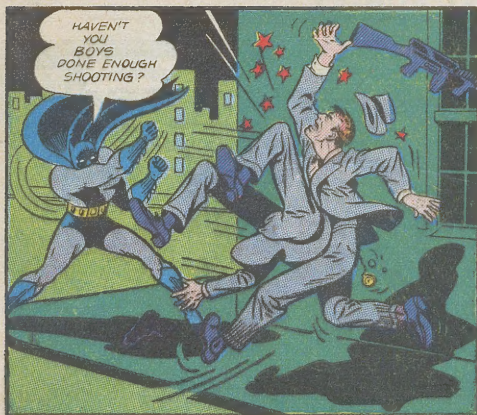
WE'LL SOON KNOW!

WINDMILL FISTS LASH OUT AT THE FLEEING OUTLAWS...

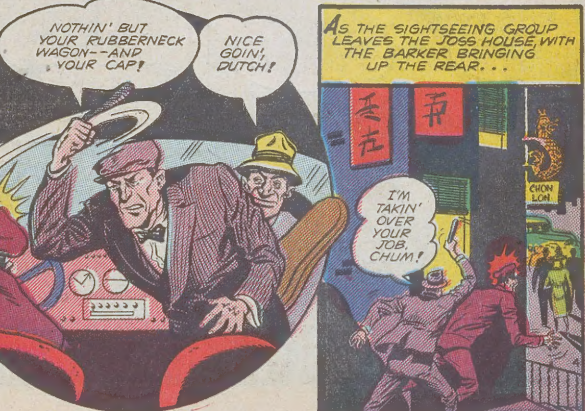
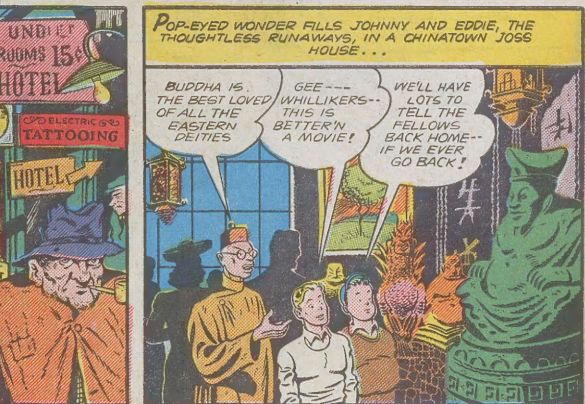
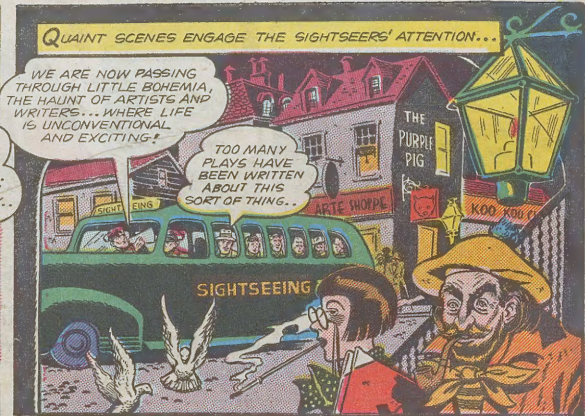
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?

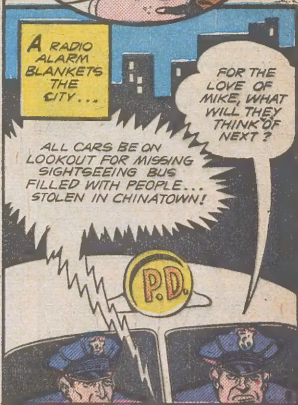
IT'S THE BATMAN!



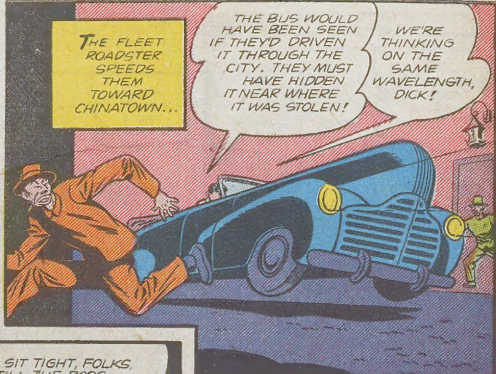
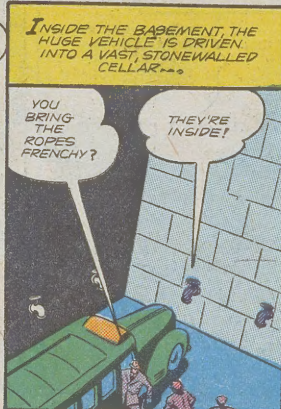
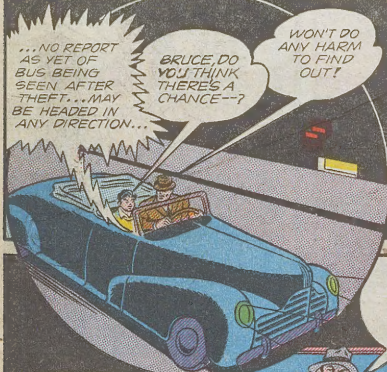


AS THE GREAT BUS STARTS ON ITS FAMILIAR ROUTE... A TELEPHONE CALL OPENS A GRIM GAME IN WHICH FATE IS THE DEALER AND HUMAN LIVES ARE AT STAKES!





BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD DICK GRAYSON--WHO ARE IN REALITY THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER---HEAR THE MESSAGE...



SUDDENLY MARY DALE SLUMPS...

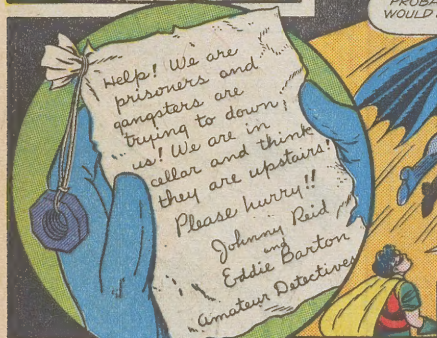
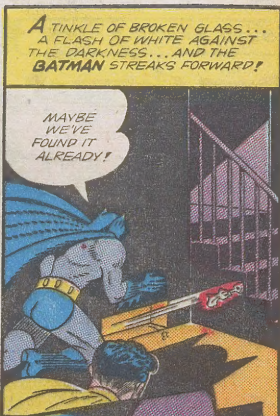
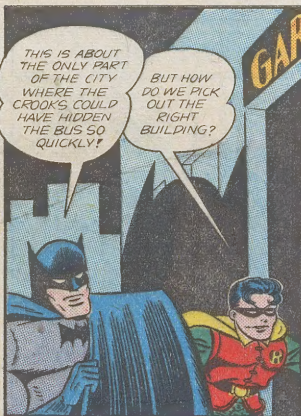
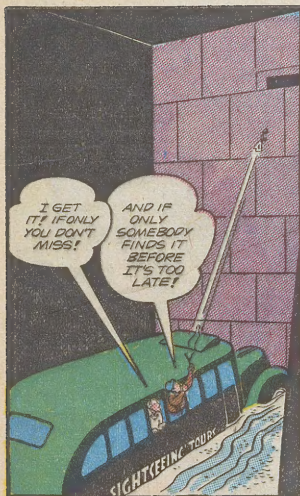


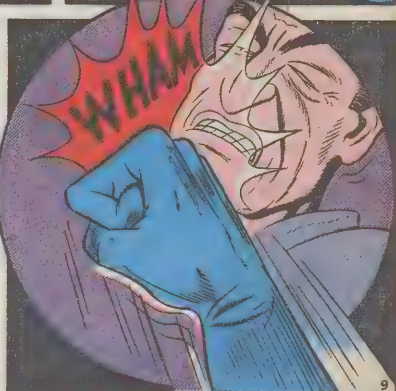
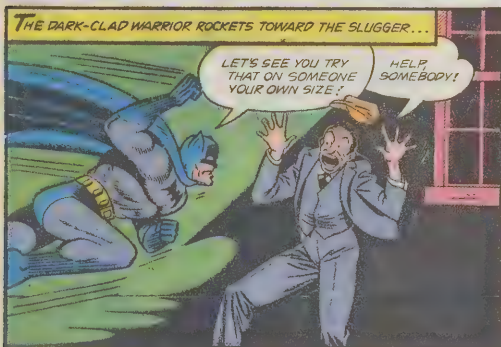
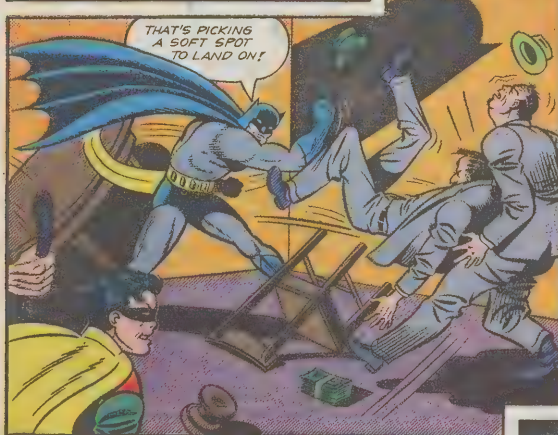
TERROR HOLDS THE EREWHILE SIGHTSEERS MOTIONLESS AS THEY ARE BOUND TIGHTLY...



JOHNNY AND EDDIE SUFFER A TARRY ATTACK OF HOMESICKNESS...



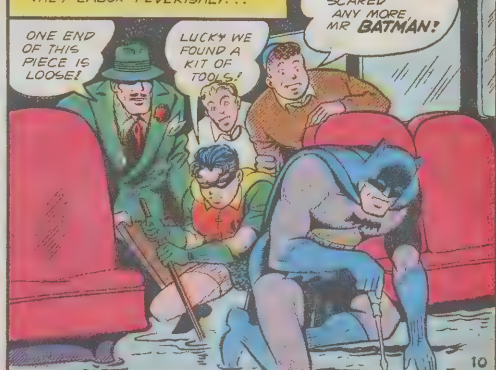
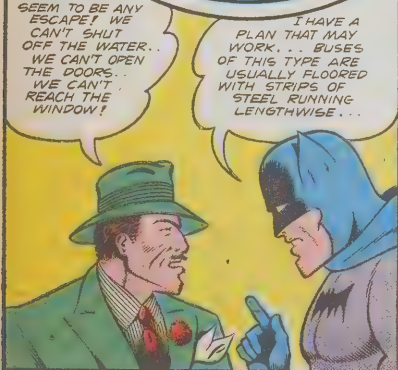
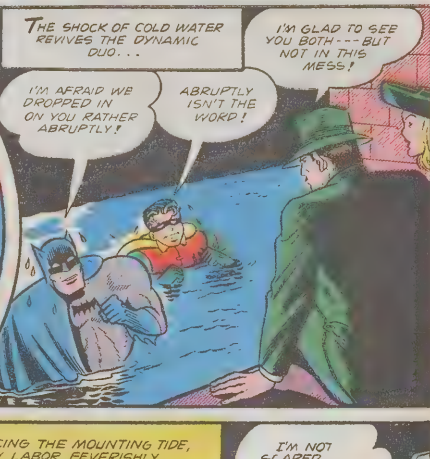
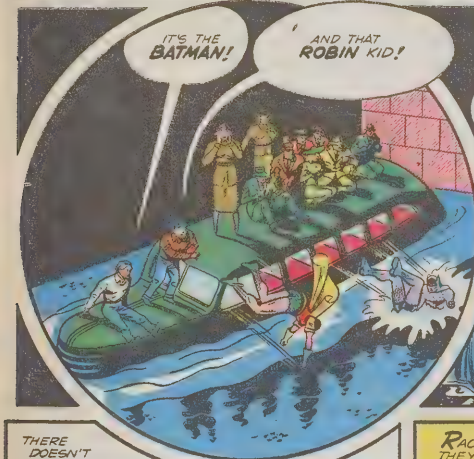
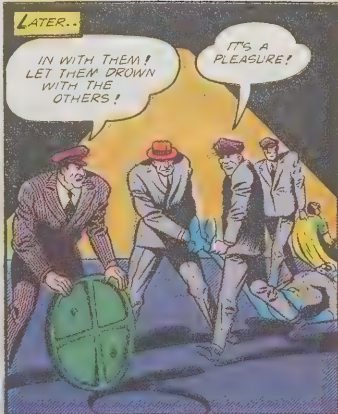


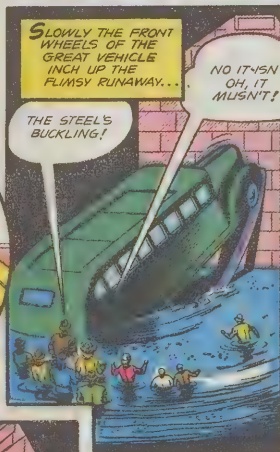
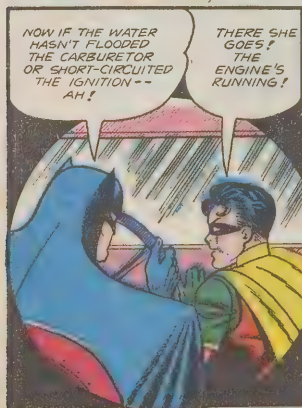
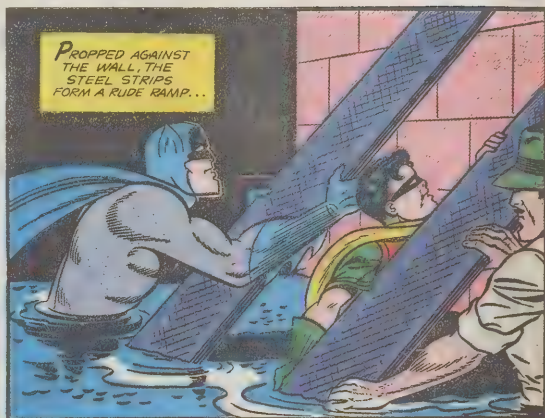
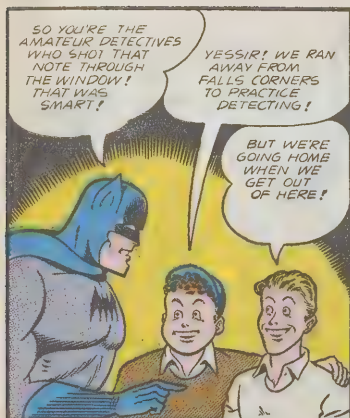


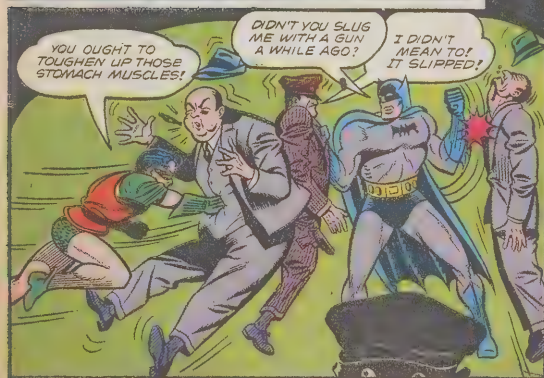
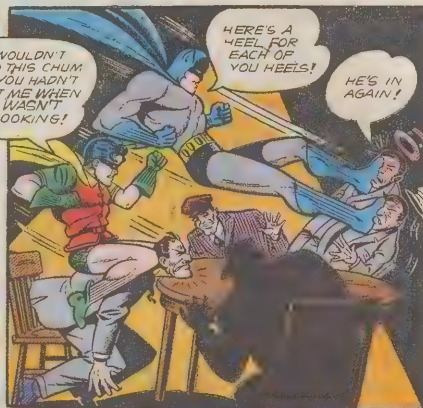
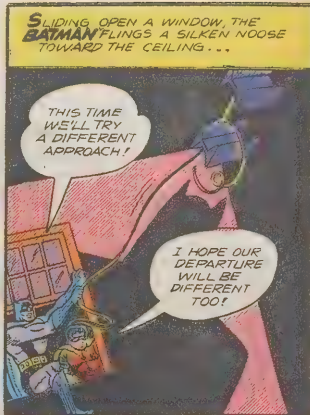
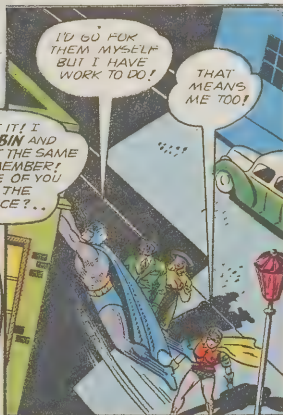
BLACK FURY MAKES THE BATMAN FORGET HIS FOES FOR A SPLIT SECOND...

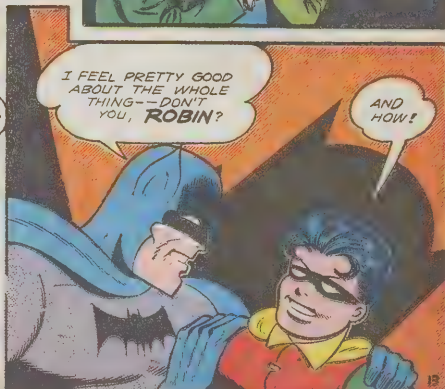
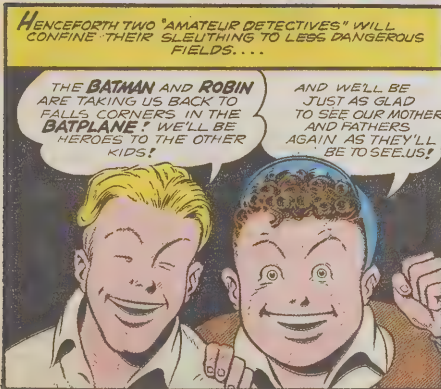
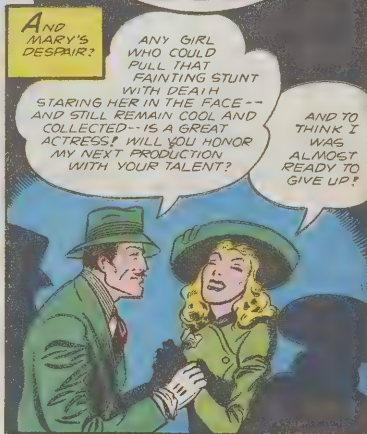
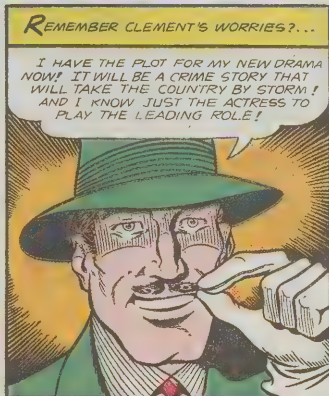
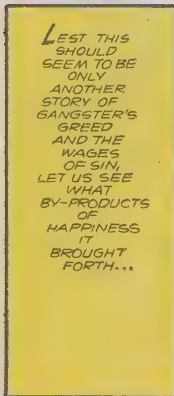
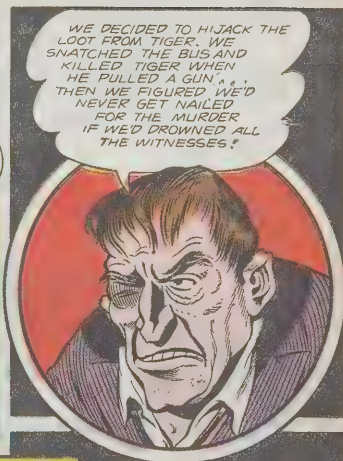
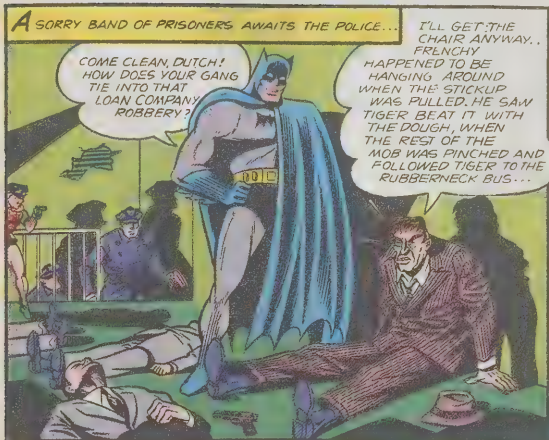


AND THAT MOMENT IS SUFFICIENT TO TURN THE TIDE OF THE BATTLE

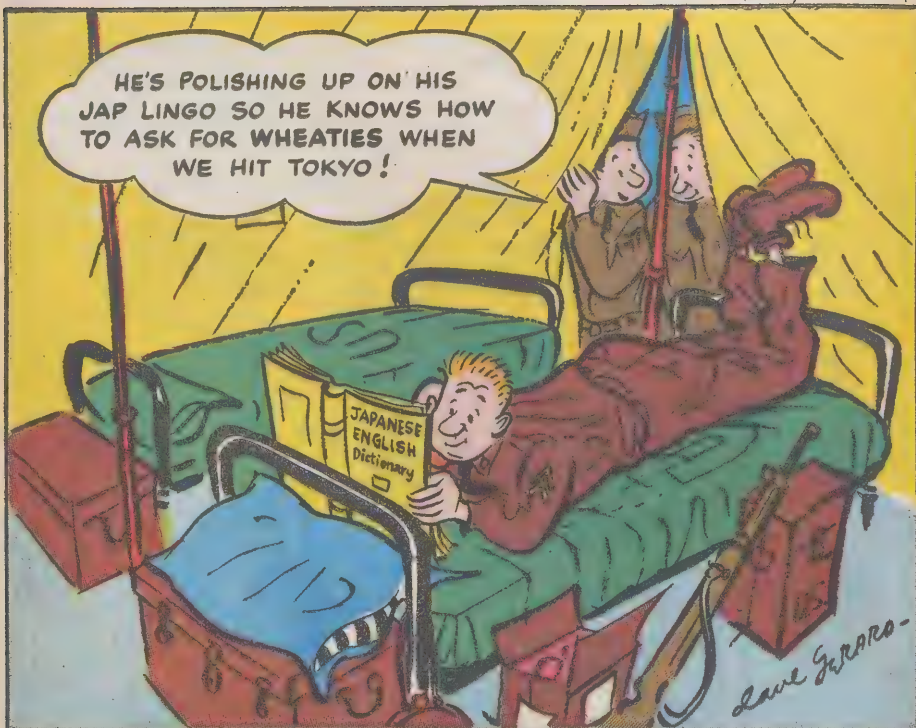








HE'S POLISHING UP ON HIS
JAP LINGO SO HE KNOWS HOW
TO ASK FOR WHEATIES WHEN
WE HIT TOKYO!



YOU CAN'T ASK FOR A BETTER BREAKFAST DISH
THAN A HEAPING BOWL OF GOLDEN TOASTED
WHEATIES, SWIMMING IN RICH MILK, AND TOPPED
WITH JUICY, FRESH FRUIT.

NOW YOU'RE REALLY EATING. BIG FLAKES OF
HUSKY WHOLE WHEAT. ROASTED TO SPARKLING
CRISPNESS. AND FLAVORED JUST RIGHT WITH SWEET
MALT SYRUP...THAT'S WHEATIES. AND THAT'S A DISH
CHUCK-FULL OF CHAMPION WHOLE GRAIN NOURISH-
MENT AND DELICIOUS "SECOND HELPING" FLAVOR.

GET YOUR SHARE OF WHEATIES SWELL
NOURISHMENT AND ZIPPY FLAVOR
AND KEEN FUN. PUT IN
YOUR BID FOR LOTS OF
MILK AND FRUIT AND
WHEATIES, FAMOUS
"BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS."

POLISH OFF A BIG
BOWLFUL OF WHEATIES
...EVERY MORNING!



**"BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS"**

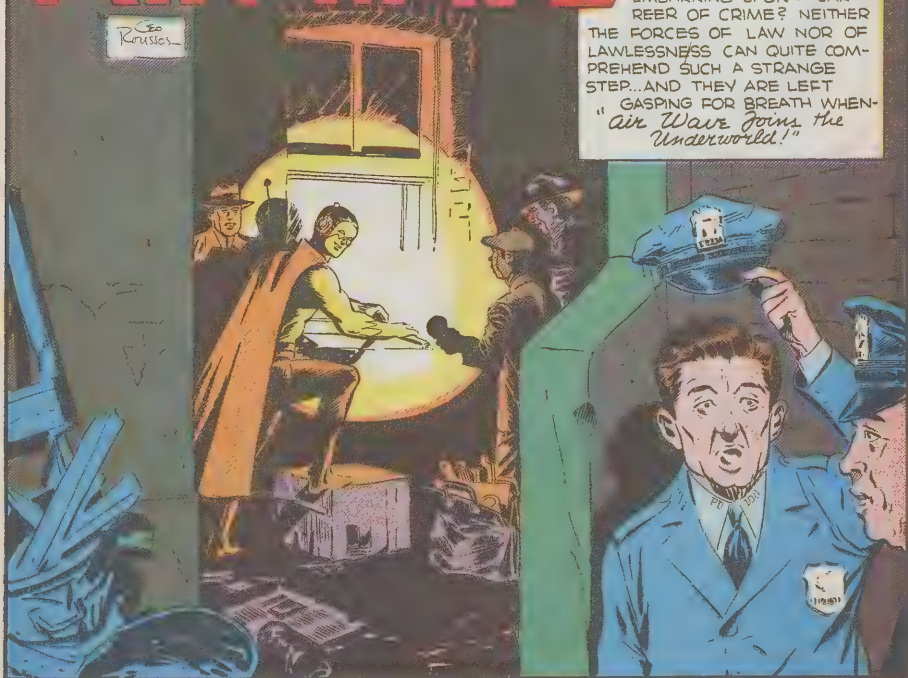
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade
marks of General Mills, Inc.

AIR WAVE

Ed Kravitz

CAN YOU IMAGINE *Air Wave* BREAKING THE LAW HE IS SWORN TO UPHOLD? CAN YOU PICTURE THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS EMBARKING UPON A CAREER OF CRIME? NEITHER THE FORCES OF LAW NOR OF LAWLESSNESS CAN QUITE COMPREHEND SUCH A STRANGE STEP...AND THEY ARE LEFT GASPING FOR BREATH WHEN "*Air Wave* joins the Underworld!"



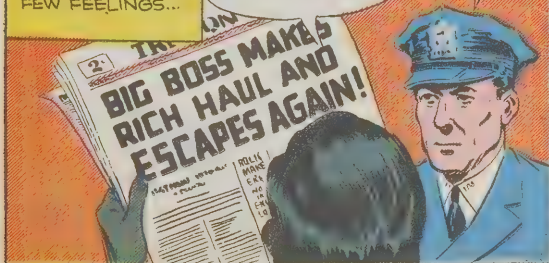
IN THE OFFICE OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY Larry Jordan, A JEERING NEWS-PAPER EDITORIAL RUFFLES A FEW FEELINGS...

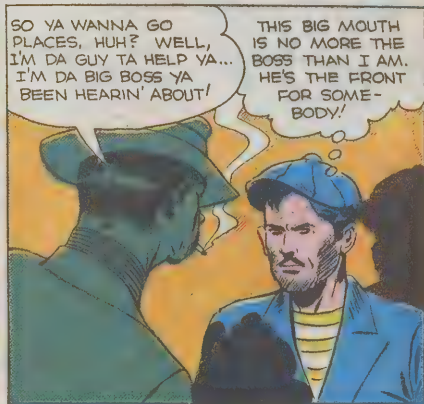
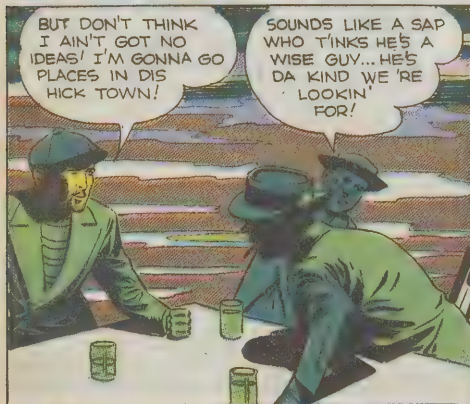
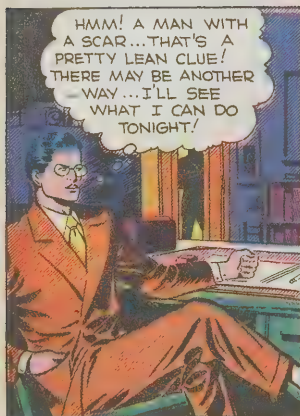
THE PAPERS ARE SURE MAKING IT TOUGH FOR US, MR. JORDAN! WITH THAT CLUE WE HAVE, THEY FIGURE WE OUGHT TO STOP THE BIG BOSS COLD!

IF ONLY THEY REALIZED WHAT A SLENDER CLUE IT REALLY IS!

ALL WE KNOW IS THAT BIG BOSS HAS A SCAR ACROSS HIS FOREHEAD...WE HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA WHERE TO FIND HIM!

WELL, MR. JORDAN! ALL WE CAN DO IS KEEP OUR EYES OPEN FOR MEN WITH SCARS. WE'LL HOPE SUCH A PERSON TURNS UP!





LOOKS LIKE *Larry Jordan* IS GETTING IN DEEP, DOESN'T IT? BUT THE FOLLOWING EVENING...

HEY, DAT'S DA DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S HOUSE!

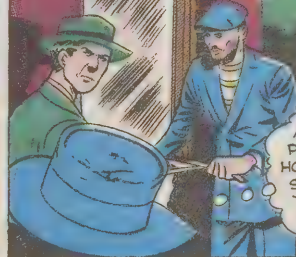
WELL, WHADDYA KNOW ABOUT DAT! DERE'S SOME VALUABLE STUFF BUT IF YOUSE GUYS ARE SCARED...

OKAY, PAL! OKAY! SO WHAT... WE DO A JOB ON THE D.A.'S PLACE, HA, HA!



WE'LL STAY OUT HERE AND KEEP AN EYE PEELED FER DA COPS!

THIS IS A GOOD ONE— ROBBING MY OWN HOUSE!



IMAGINE A SAP WHO'D PICK DA D.A.'S HOUSE! WE WERE SURE LUCKY TO RUN INTA HIM...

I'LL HAND THEM THE LOOT I'VE PREPARED! UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THEY'RE ABOUT TO SKEDADDLE!



Why is *Larry Jordan* SO CONSIDERATE, AND AT HIS OWN EXPENSE? WE'LL SOON FIND OUT...MEANWHILE...

DIS GOLD CLOCK LOOKS VALUABLE— HOLD IT WHILE I SOICH FER WHAT EVER ELSE DERE IS!

NICE WOIK, PAL... YA SURE KNOW HOW TO PULL A JOB!



Suddenly...

AN ALARM...AND THE POLICE SIREN! LOOKS AS IF MY TWO PALS HAVE DOUBLE-CROSSED ME! I'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST IF I DON'T WANT TO BE CAUGHT ROBBING MY OWN HOUSE!



IN THE PRIVACY OF HIS OWN HOME...A QUICK CHANGE TO GARB OF THE MAGICIAN OF RADIO!

A ROLLING STONE GETS DIZZY AFTER A WHILE!

SHUT-UP, STATIC! I'VE GOT NO TIME NOW TO WASTE ON YOUR TANGLED PROVERBS!

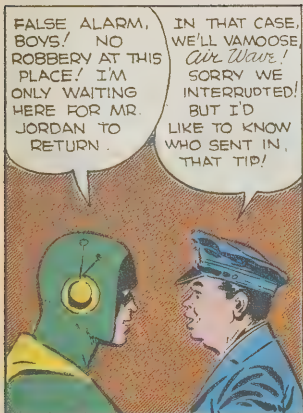


SECONDS LATER...

HOW DO YOU DO, GENTLEMEN!

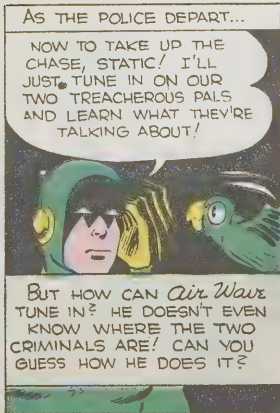
Air Wave! WE GOT A TIP THIS HOUSE WAS BEING ROBBED... BUT WE DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND YOU!





FALSE ALARM, BOYS! NO ROBBERY AT THIS PLACE! I'M ONLY WAITING HERE FOR MR. JORDAN TO RETURN.

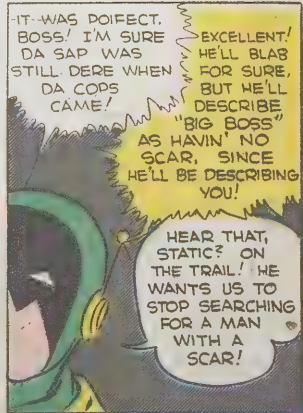
IN THAT CASE, WE'LL VAMOOSE! *Air Wave!* SORRY WE INTERRUPTED! BUT I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHO SENT IN THAT TIP!



AS THE POLICE DEPART...

NOW TO TAKE UP THE CHASE, STATIC! I'LL JUST TUNE IN ON OUR TWO TREACHEROUS PALS AND LEARN WHAT THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT!

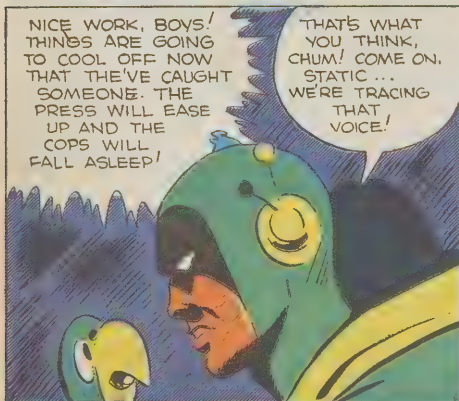
BUT HOW CAN *Air Wave* TUNE IN? HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WHERE THE TWO CRIMINALS ARE! CAN YOU GUESS HOW HE DOES IT?



IT WAS DOIFECT. BOSS! I'M SURE DA SAP WAS STILL DERE WHEN DA COPS CAME!

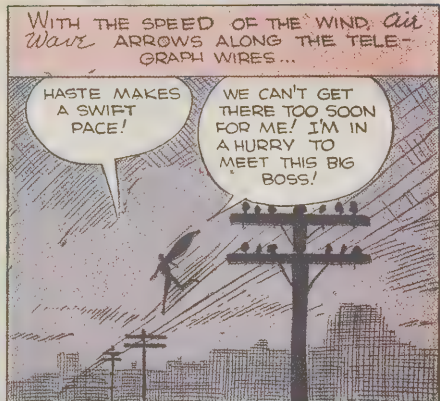
EXCELLENT! HE'LL BLAB FOR SURE, BUT HE'LL DESCRIBE "BIG BOSS" AS HAVIN' NO SCAR, SINCE HE'LL BE DESCRIBING YOU!

HEAR THAT, STATIC? ON THE TRAIL! HE WANTS US TO STOP SEARCHING FOR A MAN WITH A SCAR!



NICE WORK, BOYS! THINGS ARE GOING TO COOL OFF NOW THAT THEY'VE CAUGHT SOMEONE. THE PRESS WILL EASE UP AND THE COPS WILL FALL ASLEEP!

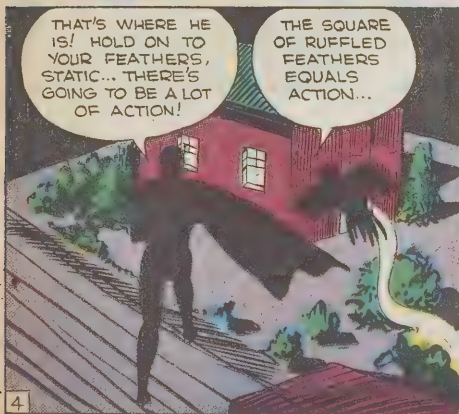
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, CHUM! COME ON, STATIC... WE'RE TRACING THAT VOICE!



WITH THE SPEED OF THE WIND, *Air Wave* ARROWS ALONG THE TELEGRAPH WIRES...

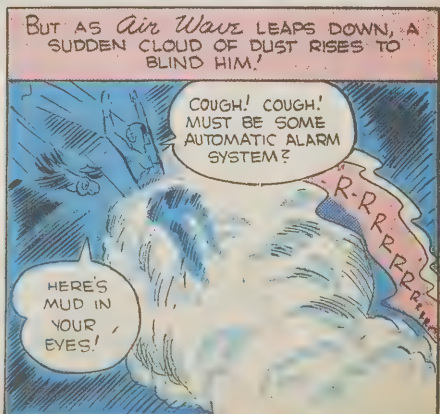
HASTE MAKES A SWIFT PACE!

WE CAN'T GET THERE TOO SOON FOR ME! I'M IN A HURRY TO MEET THIS BIG BOSS!



THAT'S WHERE HE IS! HOLD ON TO YOUR FEATHERS, STATIC... THERE'S GOING TO BE A LOT OF ACTION!

THE SQUARE OF RUFFLED FEATHERS EQUALS ACTION...

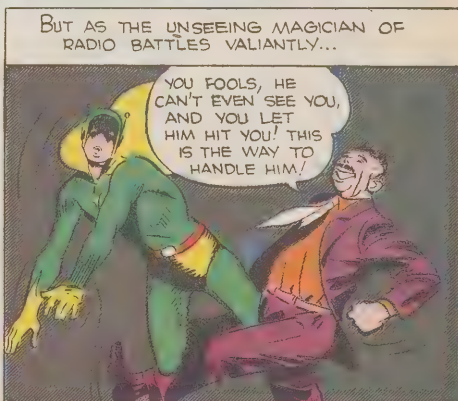
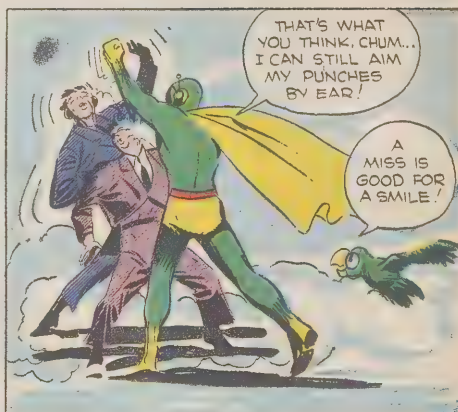
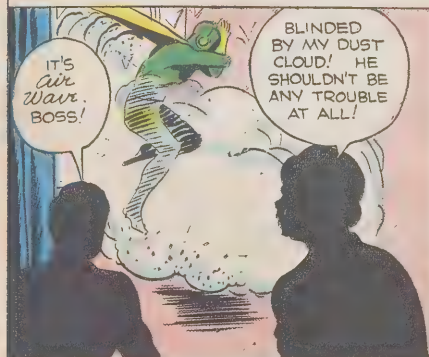


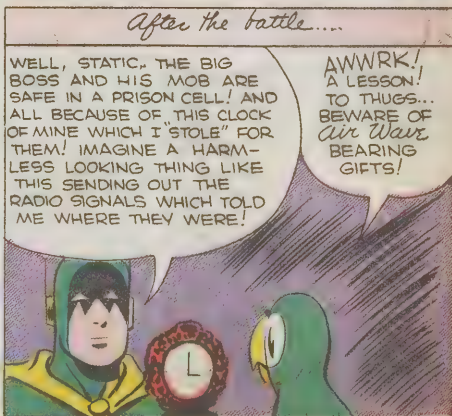
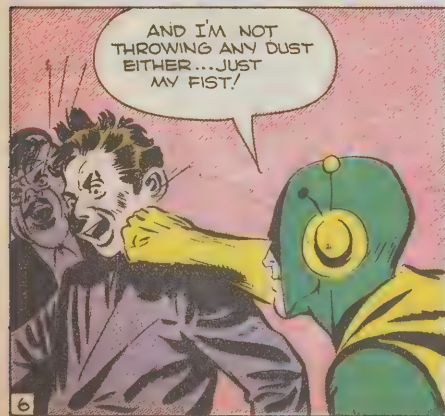
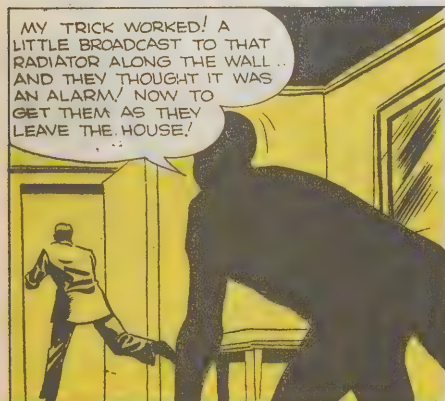
BUT AS *Air Wave* LEAPS DOWN, A SUDDEN CLOUD OF DUST RISES TO BLIND HIM!

COUGH! COUGH! MUST BE SOME AUTOMATIC ALARM SYSTEM?

HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYES!

NEVERTHELESS, THE UNDAUNTED WIZARD OF WIRELESS, ATTACKS...





FORTIFIED WITH

ENERGY!



Powerful firing equipment to guard our shores are the U. S. Coastal Defense Guns, placed at strategic points, manned by alert artillerymen. Raised and lowered instantly, they pack tremendous ENERGY-wallopp—fortify our coastline.

Baby Ruth HELPS TO FORTIFY YOU WITH FOOD-ENERGY

Baby Ruth, rich in dextrose, helps to fortify *you* against fatigue when body sugars are low. Because Baby Ruth helps provide so many of the essential foods necessary for strenuous activity, millions are sent to Uncle Sam's fighters everywhere. Because their needs come **FIRST**, you may not always find Baby Ruth at your store, but shortages are only temporary . . . ask again for *your* Baby Ruth.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO 13, ILL.



Yep! Cookies made with Baby Ruth taste good!

Recipe on every wrapper



★ ★ ★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★ ★ ★

HANDY ANDY

OUR OWN FAVORITE
MOMESPUN INVENTOR WHO
HEREWITH SHOWS YOU
JUST HOW TO MAKE ONE OF
THE MOST AMAZINGLY
USEFUL THINGUM-MY-BOBS
OUT OF A MERE HANDFUL OF
DISCARDED KNICK-KNACKS
AND SECOND-HAND JUNK --

HERE'S ONE, PAL,
THAT'S NOT EVEN
IN THE BOOK!

FIRST! - TAKE AN OLD DERBY HAT - IF YOU
DON'T HAPPEN TO HAVE ONE OF YOUR OWN USE
SOMEBODY ELSE'S - ANY OLD DERBY WILL DO -

NOW, ~ AND THIS IS MOST IMPORTANT, ~ RUSH
TO THE NEAREST HARDWARE STORE AND BUY --

WHY HULLO JOE I - SAY HOW'D Y' KNOW, ~
THAT I HAD AN UNCLE IN KOKOMO?

~ TWO YARDS OF WAFER-THIN FLEXIBLE
CHROMIUM - ONE DOZEN FLAT-PRICED RIVETS -
ONE PAIR OF POWER-COILED SPRINGS AND
ONE THIN ONE-INCH CHROMIUM HINGE -!

SPECIAL
TO-DAY.
MUSICAL SAWS!

NO MORE
THAN ONE
GROSS TO A
CUSTOMER!

COMING
RIGHT UP
CHUM -!

NEXT, ~ RIVET A STRIP OF CHROMIUM
(1 1/2 INCHES WIDE,) SNUGLY TO THE
SWEAT-BAND ON THE INSIDE OF THE DERBY.

THEN SHAPE A SECOND STRIP OF THE CHROMIUM TO
YOUR OWN INDIVIDUAL HEAD-SIZE, FITTING SAME
NEATLY INSIDE THE SWEAT-BAND STRIP - AND
JOINING BOTH STRIPS AT THE BACK OF THE
DERBY WITH THE ONE-INCH HINGE, ~ THUSLY.

NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE! - NEXT
SOLDER THE ENDS OF THE POWER-COILED
SPRINGS TO THE INSIDE OF EACH STRIP
SEPARATELY - HOLDING THE SPRINGS TAUT
WITH AN UNSEEN CLASP --

AND LASTLY HAVE ANY GRADE-A ELECTRICIAN
HOOK UP AN ELECTRIC WIRED CONTACT BETWEEN
THE UNSEEN CLASP IN YOUR DERBY AND A
HIDDEN HIP-POCKET STORAGE BATTERY --
WIRED IN TURN TO YOUR RIGHT TROUSER
POCKET --

JOE VOLTZ
ELECTRICIAN

FOR SUCH IDEAS YOU
SHOULD GET PATENTS,
PAL - SO IT'S FINISHED -
FOR \$ 49.50!

RESULT: - NOW BY MERELY PRESSING THE
BUTTON IN YOUR RIGHT-HAND TROUSER POCKET
YOU CAN TIP YOUR HAT ALL DAY LONG WITHOUT ONCE
TAKING YOUR HANDS OUT OF YOUR POCKETS!

WHO IS
THAT PEST
ANYHOW?

TIP!

TIP!

TIP!

HOWDY,
FOLKS,
HOWDY,
HOWDY,
HOWDY,
HOWDY!

WITHOUT A DOUBT HE'S THE
MOST POLITE MAN IN TOWN -
I WONDER WHO HE CAN BE?

OH, MARGE, HE'S SUCH A PERFECT
GENTLEMAN HE MUST BE SOME
KIND OF A FOREIGNER - OR SUMPN.

An important
message to the
BOYS and GIRLS
of AMERICA!



from
**GENERAL
ARNOLD**

COMMANDING GENERAL
U. S. ARMY
AIR FORCES

WAR DEPARTMENT

WASHINGTON

We of the armed forces urge every young man and woman of pre-military age who has been filling a summer war job to return to school this autumn. Such work is important, but your education has top priority. You will serve your country best by making the most of your education opportunities, for this is not only a brave man's war--it is also a smart man's war.

If you plan to enter military service, you will find that a good education offers the best assurance of progress and recognition. In all branches of service, we need trained leaders, engineers, scientists and specialists. And in the years to follow victory we will need them even more, as our nation charts its progress in the post-war world.

FOR VICTORY



H. H. Arnold
H. H. ARNOLD,
General, U. S. Army,

Commanding General, Army Air Forces.

(Prepared in cooperation with the Office of War Information and published in the interest of the NATIONAL GO-TO-SCHOOL DRIVE, sponsored by the Children's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor, and the U. S. Office of Education, Federal Security Agency.)

The BOY COMMANDOS

in "MISSION
of ERRORS!"



ORDER OF THE DAY:
Remember orders
are orders! But
things are not
always what
they seem!

Rip Carter
CAPTAIN

**WHEN THE BOY
COMMANDOS RAID
THE FRENCH INVASION
COAST, THAT'S NOT
NEWS! BUT WHEN
THEY RAID THE
COAST OF ENGLAND,
THEIR HOME BASE,
THAT'S NEWS AND
THEN SOME! AS A
MATTER OF FACT,
NO ONE IS MORE
SURPRISED THAN
THEY WHEN SUCH
TOPSY-TURVY ORDERS
COME THROUGH!**

BY
JOE SIMON
and
JACK KIRBY

WHILE TOUGH COMMANDOS PREPARE FOR A DARING RAID ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL...

AIN'T WE GONNA BE TOLD WHERE WE'RE GOIN', RIP?

NOT UNTIL JUST BEFORE WE LEAVE! I ONLY KNOW IT'S GOING TO BE A TOUGH ASSIGNMENT!



AT GENERAL STAFF HEADQUARTERS...

LIEUTENANT FAIRBANKS, THIS PAPER BEARS THE OBJECTIVE FOR TONIGHT'S COMMANDO RAID! GIVE IT TO CAPTAIN CARTER JUST AS HE IS READY TO DEPART!

YES, SIR!



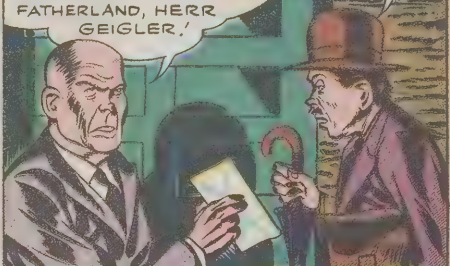
HMM... A WONDERFUL NIGHT. HOPE THE JERRIES DON'T PICK IT FOR AN AIR RAID...



MEANWHILE, AT A NEARBY SECRET HIDEOUT OF GESTAPO-AGENT SCHWINHUNDE..

TAKE THIS MESSAGE TO OUR SECRET RADIO ROOM AND HAF IT PUT INTO CODE UND SENT AT VUNCE TO DER FATHERLAND, HERR GEIGLER!

YA, HERR SCHWINHUNDE!



WHEEEEEEEEEE!

BLAWST THEM! THEY WOULD SPOIL A CHARMING EVENING WITH THEIR NUISANCE RAIDS!

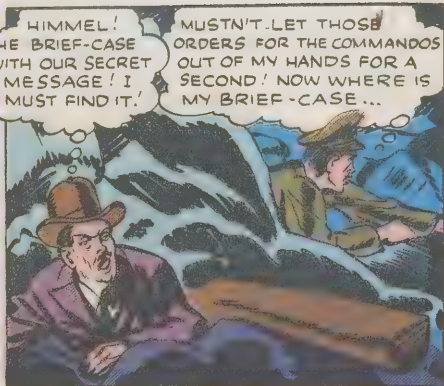
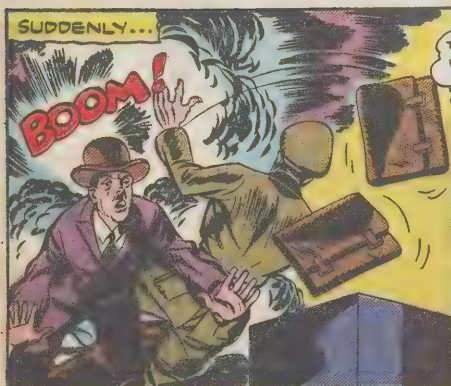
ACH! I MUST SEEK SHELTER!



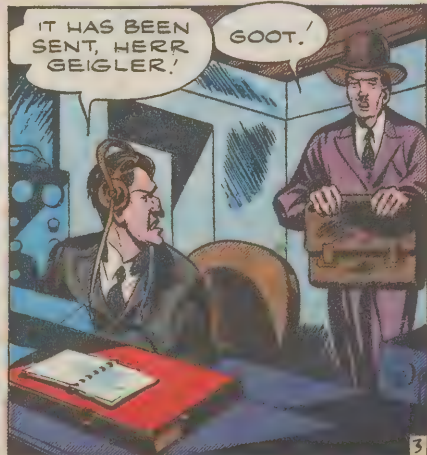
RAID SHELTER #31

WELL, I HOPE THE RAID DOESN'T DELAY ME TOO LONG!





THE TWO MESSENGERS HURRY OFF, NEITHER ONE DREAMING THAT HE MIGHT NOT BE CARRYING THE RIGHT BRIEF-CASE!



AND AT ANOTHER SPOT, ON THE BLACKED-OUT COAST OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL...

HERE ARE YOUR ORDERS, SIR!

OKAY, KIDS, PILE IN WHILE I READ IT!

ALL ABOARD ON DA FLATBUSH EXPRESS!

Take command of all agents.
Report to Dover.
Password is "I'll take the flowers!"
At Tillingham Road.

WHAT IS ZEE MATTIAIRE, REEP?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT OUR ORDERS HAVE BEEN CHANGED! WE'RE NOT GOING TO RAID THE FRENCH COAST!

WOT'S DA IDEAR! I WUZ ALL SET FER SOME ACTION!

THIS IS A SURPRISE TO ME, TOO, SIR! BUT THESE ARE THE ORDERS THE STAFF SENT FOR YOU...

WELL, ORDERS ARE ORDERS!

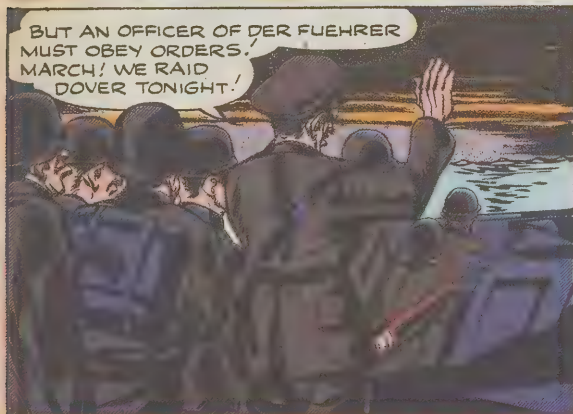
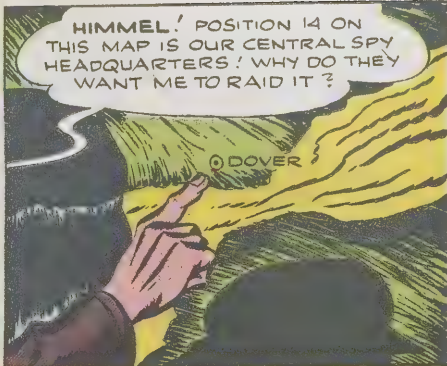
KIDS, WE'RE ORDERED TO DOVER FOR A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT AND THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING! IF WE DRIVE FAST, WE'LL REACH THE CITY IN A COUPLE OF HOURS!

OKAY, OKAY, OKAY! I'M OBEYING! I'M OBEYING! I'M OBEYING! BUT DIS IS GONNA BE TAME STUFF AFTER GETTING ALL HEPPED ABOUT A RAID!

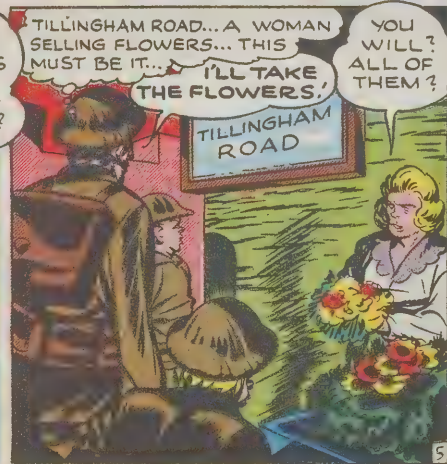
MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, AS THE MESSAGE SENT BY HERR GEIGLER IS RECEIVED...

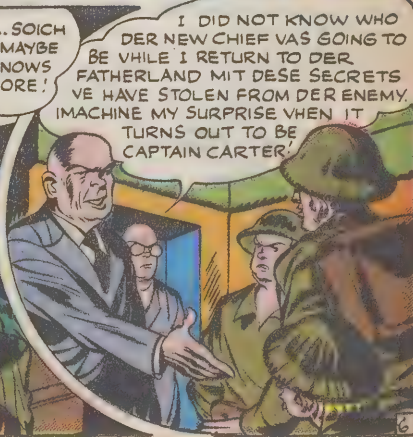
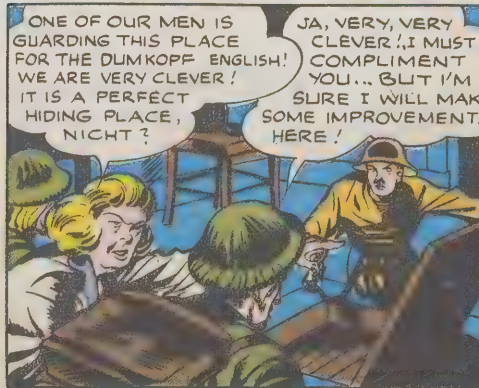
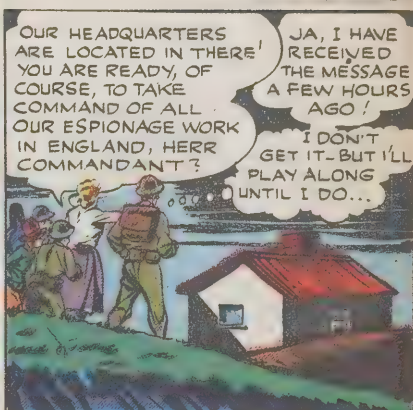
ORDERS FROM OUR GESTAPO CHIEF IN ENGLAND, HERR CAPTAIN PUNKT!

GOOD-I HAVE BEEN WAITING TO HEAR!



THUS, THROUGH AN UNWITTING SWITCH IN BRIEF-CASES, A STRANGE COMBINATION OF EVENTS BEGINS TO SHAPE UP! RIP HAS RECEIVED ORDERS INTENDED FOR CAPTAIN PUNKT; PUNKT HAS RECEIVED ORDERS INTENDED FOR RIP! MOREOVER, POSITION 14, MAP 3" ON THE FRENCH COAST CORRESPONDS TO THE NAZI SPY DEPOT ON THE ENGLISH COAST, WHICH MEANS THAT COMMANDO CAPTAIN RIP CARTER AND NAZI CAPTAIN PUNKT ARE DESTINED TO MEET IN DOVER.





MEANWHILE, ON THE NEARBY BEACH, CAPTAIN PUNKT IS LANDING...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, HERR CAPTAIN?

ACH! I HAVE ORDERS TO RAID OUR SECRET HEADQUARTERS. IT WAS THE ORDER YOUR CHIEF RADIOED TO ME!



TONIGHT A NEW CHIEF IS TAKING COMMAND OF OUR SPY SYSTEM... PERHAPS HE ORDERED THIS RAID! BRING YOUR MEN QUIETLY, HERR CAPTAIN.



AT THAT VERY INSTANT...

I WILL NOW TAKE COMMAND! MY FIRST ORDER IS TO SING OUR VICTORY SONG! BROOKLYN WILL TAKE OUT HIS VIOLIN AND WHEN HE PLAYS EVERYONE WILL RAISE HIS HANDS...

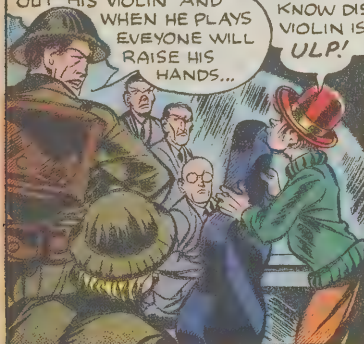
HUH? HAVE YA GONE NUTS? YA KNOW DIS VIOLIN IS-- ULP!

DESE BUMS IS GONNA RAISE THEIR HANDS WHEN I PLAYS ME "FIDDLE!" RIP WANTS ME TA STICK-UP DA BUNCH O' GORRILLAS!

ALL RIGHT, MUGGS! REACH FER DA CEILING!

WHAT?

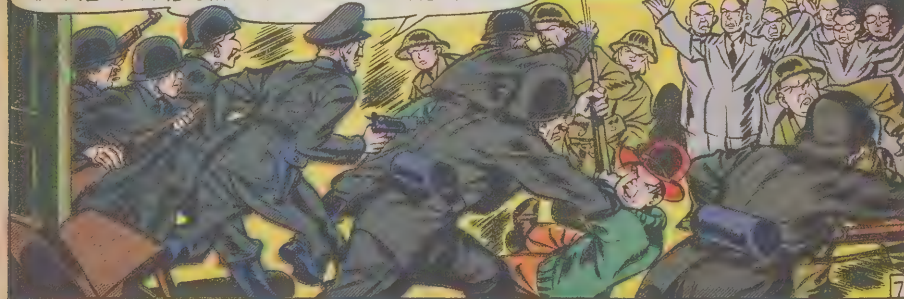
HIMMEL!

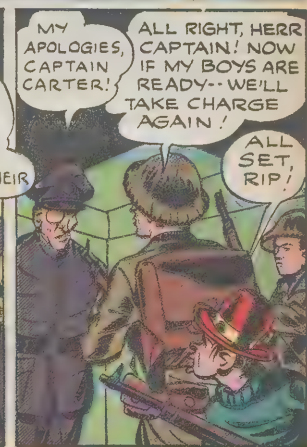
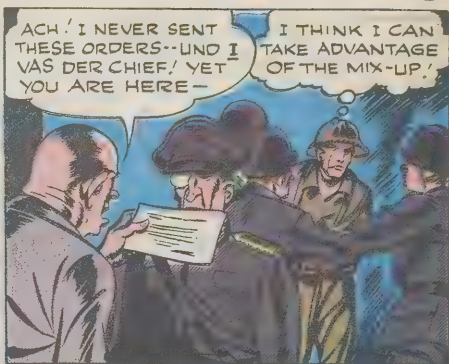
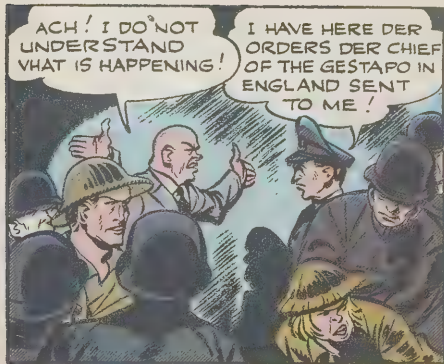


CONFUSION PILES ON TOP OF CONFUSION! CAPTAIN PUNKT ARRIVES AT JUST THAT MOMENT!

HIMMEL! WE GET ORDERS TO RAID THESE HEADQUARTERS, UND ARRIVE TO FIND DER ENGLISH RAIDING THEM!

VOT GIFFS HERE, ANYWAY?





MINUTES LATER...

JAN, ANDRE! GET UPSTAIRS AND WATCH THESE RATS AS WE MARCH THEM UPSTAIRS!

OUI! EET EES A PLAISIR!



WE 'EARD SHOTS! BLIMEY-- LOOK AT THAT!

LOOKS LIKE SOME NAZIS RAIDED OUR COAST, FERDY! BUT W'I SEE THE BOY COMMANDOS 'AVE THEM IN 'AND!



WHERE YA RUSHIN' US NOW, RIP? WE DONE OUR NIGHT'S WOIK!

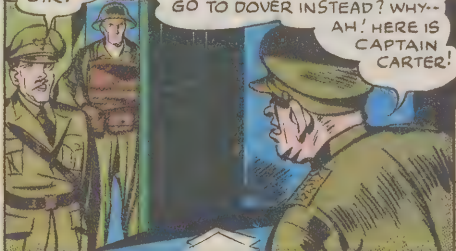
NOT QUITE, BROOKLYN! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO STAFF HEADQUARTERS AND FIND OUT WHAT CAUSED THE MIX-UP IN THE ORDERS...



SOME TIME LATER...

BUT I GAVE THEM YOUR ORDERS, SIR!

BLAST YOU! I'LL HAVE YOU AND CAPTAIN CARTER COURT-MARTIALED! I ORDERED AN IMPORTANT RAID TONIGHT-- WHERE IS IT? WHY DID THEY GO TO DOVER INSTEAD? WHY-- AH! HERE IS CAPTAIN CARTER!



WE HAD KNOWLEDGE THAT THE CHIEF NAZI SPY WAS GOING TO CROSS BACK TO THE CONTINENT WITH SECRET INFORMATION! I ORDERED YOU TO RAID THE PART OF THE COAST HE WAS EXPECTED AT! AND INSTEAD YOU GO TO DOVER! HOW IN THE WORLD DID THAT HAPPEN?

BECAUSE THOSE WERE THE ORDERS I RECEIVED, SIR! AND BESIDES--



--WE NABBED THE LOT OF THEM AND RECAPTURED THE SECRET INFORMATION THE SPIES HAD GATHERED...

YES, I'VE GOT TO ADMIT IT TURNED OUT FOR THE BEST! BUT I STILL WOULD LIKE TO KNOW HOW MY ORDER CAME INTO THE HANDS OF THE NAZIS! AND THEIRS INTO YOURS!



WE'LL PROBABLY NEVER KNOW, SIR...

BUT WE KNOW, DON'T WE?
AND ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL...

Here's the Greatest **BILFOLD BARGAIN** in all America!

3 BIG VALUES in ONE

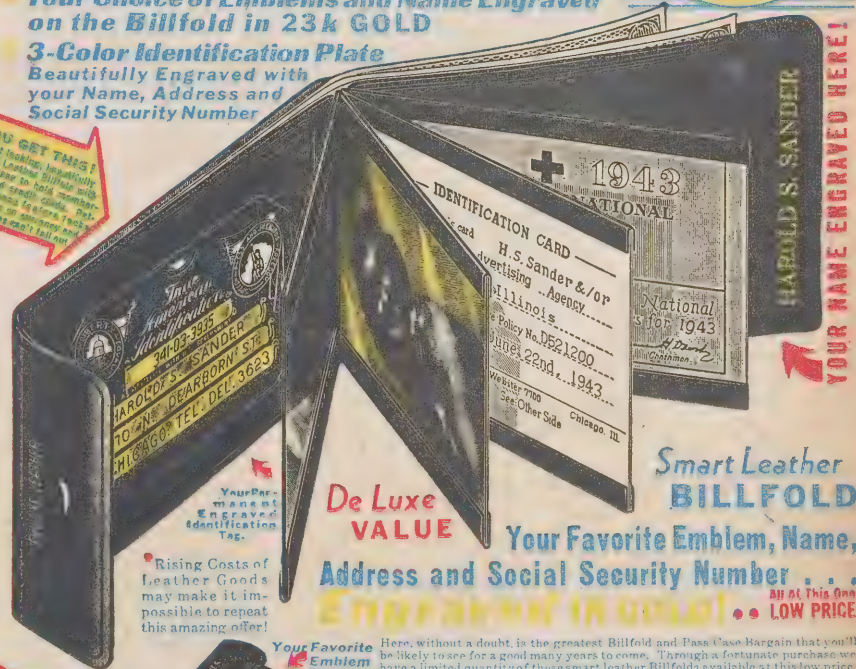
All for only \$1.98

This Smart Leather Billfold and Pass Case
Your Choice of Emblems and Name Engraved
on the Billfold in 23k GOLD

3-Color Identification Plate

Beautifully Engraved with
your Name, Address and
Social Security Number

YOU GET THIS!
 smart looking, beautifully
 styled Leather Billfold with
 gold and credit cards, photo
 emblem and Social Security
 Number on the inside cover.
 Nothing can't tell out!



Your Name and Address Engraved Identification Tag.

• Rising Costs of Leather Goods may make it impossible to repeat this amazing offer!

De Luxe VALUE

Smart Leather BILLFOLD
Your Favorite Emblem, Name, Address and Social Security Number . . .

ENGRAVED IN GOLD! . . . ALL AT This One LOW PRICE

YOU GET THIS!
 your choice of Emblems
 and your Name richly en-
 graved in 23k Gold on the
 inside of the Billfold. Your
 Name is also engraved in
 Gold, inside the Billfold.



Your Full Name Here

YOU GET THIS!
 A beautiful 3-color Em-
 blem life identification plate
 engraved with your full name,
 address and Social Security
 Number. A perfect identi-
 fication record for you.



SHIPPING: New York, New York to Canada
 \$1.50; to Mexico \$2.00; to Europe \$3.00
 \$200 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

Here, without a doubt, is the greatest Billfold and Pass Case Bargain that you'll be likely to see for a good many years to come. Through a fortunate purchase you have a limited quantity of this smart leather Billfold available at this low price. If you have shopped around, you know that it is virtually impossible to get a good leather Billfold of this type beautifully engraved in gold with your Lodge Emblem or Army, Navy, Marine or Air Corps Insignia and Name at this sensational low price. In addition we also send you a specially designed 3-color Emergency Identification Plate, on which we engrave your Social Security Number, your Name and your Address. This smart Leather Billfold must actually be seen to be fully appreciated. Besides the spacious compartment at the back which can be used for currency, checks, papers, etc., it has 4 pockets each protected by celluloid to prevent the soiling of your valuable membership and credit cards. This handsome Billfold has the sturdy appearance and style usually found in costlier Billfolds.

• Due to difficulty in obtaining good leather because of war conditions, the supply of these Billfolds is limited. Remember you get 3 Big Values for only \$1.98. So rush your order today! If after receiving your Engraved Billfold, you don't positively agree that this is the best outstanding bargain you ever came across, return it and we'll refund the money.

Rush this Coupon for this Once-in-a-Lifetime Bargain

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 3081
 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

If you are a LODGE, ARMY, or NAVY INSIGNIA, state name here _____
 I enclose \$1.98, plus one cent Federal Tax (total \$2.00). Please send me promptly a Smart
 Leather Billfold with my name on it. I will be glad to send you a return address label if you
 like. For Emergency Identification Plate, enclose my Social Security Number _____

MY FULL NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____
 ZIP _____
 Social Security Number _____

Rush Your Order! OUR SUPPLY OF LEATHER BILLFOLDS IS LIMITED!

THE CHAMP

by Eddie Bell

EDDIE BLANE stood on the corner of Twelfth and Main and looked at the glowing sign on the Arena. Crowds were pouring into the palace of sport.

"Hiya, Champ."

The greeting came from Anders, the Swedish cop, who directed Arena traffic. Eddie grinned pleasantly, waved his hand in the direction of the crowd. "Some mob, tonight."

"Yessir, Champ," Anders said. "It takes a Blane to bring 'em in, doesn't it?" He didn't wait for Eddie's answer, but busied himself suddenly in bawling out a cab driver. "Hey, where you think you're going—to a race?" He peered into the cab, while the cabbie fidgeted uncomfortably and stammered: "Sorry, officer, I was just trying to get these folks close to the entrance."

Looking into the back, Anders grinned. "Okay," he said. "Go ahead. But watch your driving." Then, to Eddie: "Gold braid. A lot of it."

"You should have been a fighter yourself, Anders," Eddie Blane said. "You sure can dish it out."

"Yeah, but not the way you can, Champ. You Blanes always could fight."

Yes, Eddie reflected, Blanes always could fight. There was his Pop, and his brothers, Pete and Joe. And he, Eddie—they called him the greatest champ of all. Right up there on the marquee it could be proved. The name Blane was the kind of magic word that always dragged in a crowd. The crowd was never disappointed when a Blane fought.

"Thanks, pal," Eddie said. "You always were in my corner."

"Yeah—and you'd better be getting into the ring now," the policeman warned. "Look at the time."

Eddie looked up at the Paramount clock, just as he always had when he showed up here for a fight. "Plenty of time," he said, languidly. "Besides, if they haven't got the air conditioning on, it's gonna be plenty hot in there."

Chuckling, he walked away. His remark was only a personal jest, and it never failed to amuse him. With a start, he remembered he had been saying just about that thing for ten years. He felt a little proud, too. No other champion had ever held onto the crown that long.

Everyone knew him, everyone said, "Hiya, Eddie," as he pushed his way along the crowded sidewalk to gain the door through which the fighters passed.

Old Mike was there, his usual jovial self. "This is gonna be some night, huh, Champ? Bet we knock 'em dead tonight."

"I don't doubt it," Eddie kidded back. He flexed his left arm. "Still packs a lot of power, Mike."

"Quit your kidding," Mike said. "Go on inside to the dressing room."

They were all there, too. The familiar faces, the photographers, the sport writers. Cleary, of the Mercury wanted to know how he felt. Eddie said everyone should know how he felt. "And," he added, "You can quote me as saying, I'm a little nervous, too."

"Just like you are at all your fights, Eddie," Cleary smiled. Sitting there under the light, which poured down on his head, Eddie shook his graying mane. Once, he had heaped

coals of abuse on Eddie's head. Now they were fast friends. Cleary had once written that Eddie would never be the champ his pop had been.

Yes, now they were friends, a couple of old gaffers, Eddie thought. From the crowded auditorium, a thunderous roar welled into the corridors, down the long hall into the dressing room, increasing in volume, deafening the ear drums like the tremendous pressure of the sea.

Cleary said: "They sure like the preliminary."

"They ought to," Eddie said. "Those boys are both champs." He was referring to the amateur lightweight champion and the professional champion who had agreed to meet for the sports cavalcade.

"There's nothing wrong with America," Cleary said, "and sports will always show it. These people out there are paying plenty in war bonds to see this show. And all you champs are doing your stuff."

"And I hope I can keep on doing it," Eddie said, under his breath. "I got reasons."

Yes, he did have reasons—reasons like Sis, his youngest daughter, and young Eddie, his boy. They were two good reasons in themselves to keep punching until Tojo and Hitler were brought to their knees. Eddie smacked his bare fist nervously into his palm.

It seemed funny not to be dressing in here. Him, Eddie Blane, the champ. Gosh, he'd started out from this same dressing room, ten years ago, a green kid, and in a very little time had become champion of the world. Fight? That was his middle name. Like his father before him, and his brothers, Eddie Blane had been in there

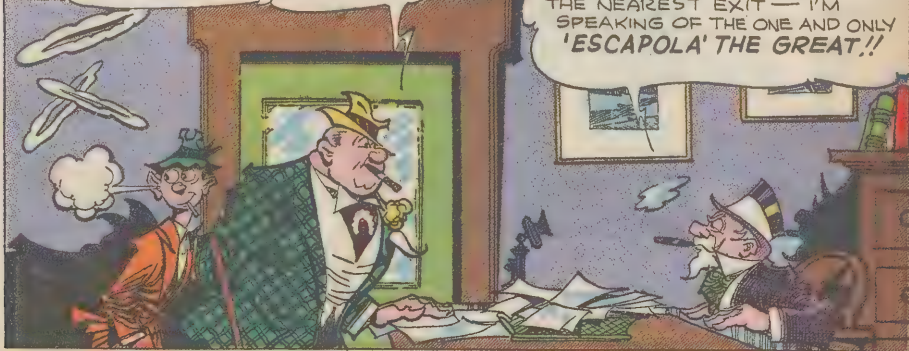
(Continued on inside back cover)

THREE-RING BINKS

BOOKING AGENT FOR CIRCUS,
SIDE SHOW, CARNIVAL, ETC.,
ETC., TALENT DE LUXE!

BINKS, I WANTS YOU TO MEET UP
WITH MY LATEST AND GREATEST FIND, MY
NEW PROTEGE AND ESCAPE ARTIST SUPREME—
"ERNIE THE EEL"— ERNIE CAN WRIGGLE
HIMSELF OUT OF ANYTHING FROM A
DOUBLE STRAIT-JACKET TO A SOUR
DEBT, WITH THE EASE OF THAT GUY ON
THE FLYING TRAPEZE— HOWZABOUT
CHASIN' YOUR COMPETITION RIGHT OUTA
TOWN BY STITCHING HIM UP HERE AN'
NOW WITH A CONTRACT?

SIDDOWN, TIRESOME, AND
LET ME BALLYHOO YOU ABOUT
AN ESCAPE ARTIST I HAD FOR
TWELVE YEARS WITH MY OWN
CARNIVAL—A TROUPER WHO
MADE EVERY LAST ONE OF HIS
TIN-PLATE IMITATORS RUSH FOR
THE NEAREST EXIT— I'M
SPEAKING OF THE ONE AND ONLY
'ESCAPOLA' THE GREAT!!



ABOUT THUTTY YEARS AGO I WAS HOP-SKIPPING
THROUGH THE OZARK MOUNTAINS WITH A LITTLE
OLD ROUND-SHOULDERED ONE-TENT CARNIVAL, WHEN
ONE DAY A PERFECT STRANGER POPS IN ON ME
AND PROPOSITIONS THISAWAY ---

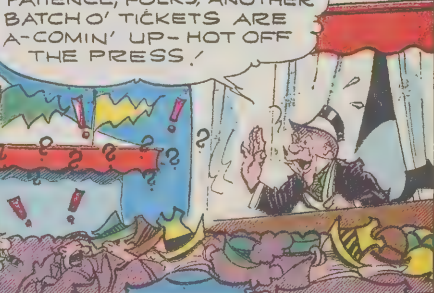
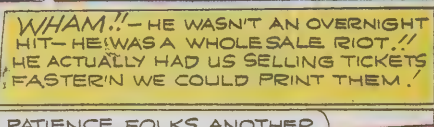
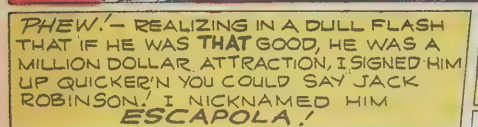
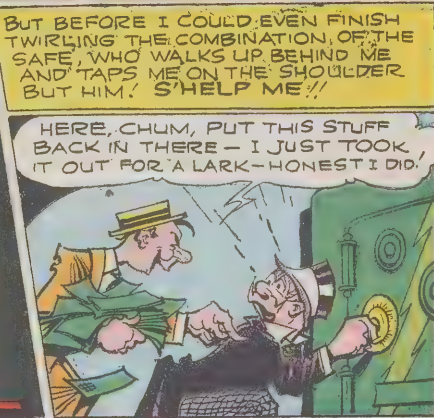
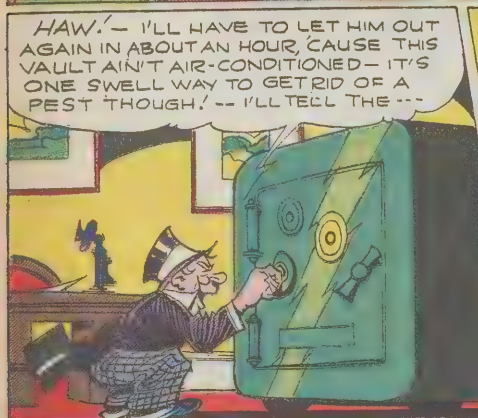
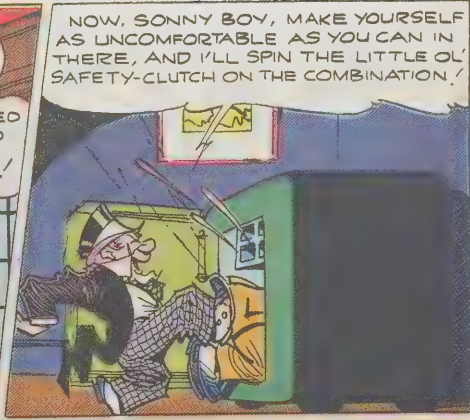
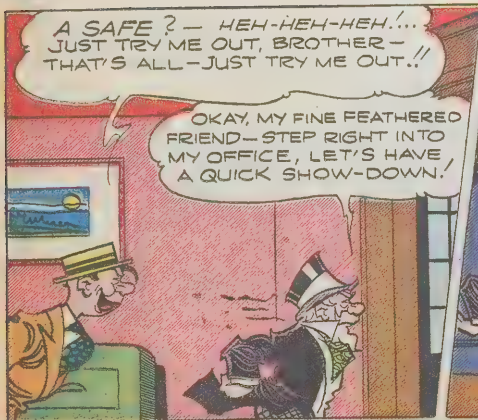
I'M ONLY THE GREATEST ESCAPE
ARTIST THAT EVER PERFORMED A
CLEAN 'BREAK-OUT' OF ANYTHING
YOU CARE TO LOCK ME UP IN—
C'MON, SON— TRY ME OUT!!

HIYA, CHUM— I SAW YOUR SHOW LAST
NIGHT AND I'M STILL SEA-SICK! MAN, WHAT,
YOUR SHOW NEEDS NOTHIN' ELSE BUT, IS ME!

AND WHO'S YOU?

HMM... YOU'RE THAT
GOOD, EH--- WELL, CAN
YOU BREAK OUT OF
A SAFE?





EVERY TOWN WE PLAYED IT WAS THE SAME—UP, DOWN, AND ACROSS THE COUNTRY, FROM EVERY CORNER CAME THE SAME CRY FROM THE CIRCUS PUBLIC—

THEN IT HAPPENED!! WE HAD A STANDING OFFER OF \$10,000 TO ANYONE WHO COULD SUCCESSFULLY IMPRISON ESCAPOLA IN ANY SPOT OR CONTRAPTION WHATSOEVER, AND MAKE IT EFFECTIVE FOR ONE FULL HOUR! WE WERE PLAYING A BIG NEW ENGLAND PACKING CASE CENTER LATE ONE FALL, AND—

WE WANT ESCAPOLA!!

I'M KNOWN 'ROUND THESE PARTS AS PACKIN' CASE PACKY CASEY, POD'NER! I'M ACCEPTIN' YOUR CHALLENGE AN' MY MEN WILL BE HERE WITHIN' THE NONCE!

TAINT SOON ENOUGH, PAL!

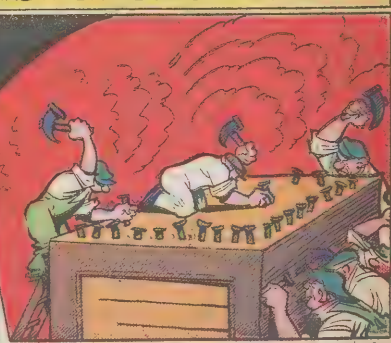
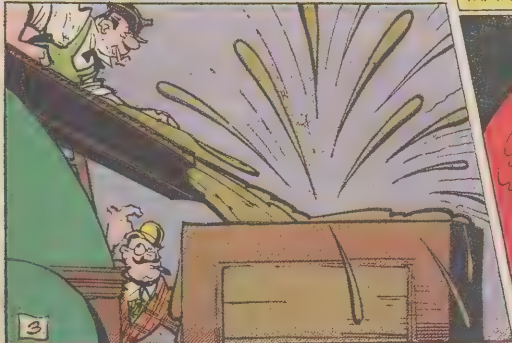
A GANG OF STALWARTS SOON APPEARED WITH A HUGE PACKING CASE, MADE OF TWO INCH OAK. IN THE DEAD CENTER OF THIS THEY STOOD ESCAPOLA—CHAINED, HANDCUFFED AND STRAIT-JACKETED—ON HIS HEAD!!

NEXT THEY NEATLY WALLED HIM UP IN THIS IN AN UPRIGHT POSITION WITH WHAT LOOKED TO ME LIKE VERY EXPENSIVE GLAZED FACING BRICKS.



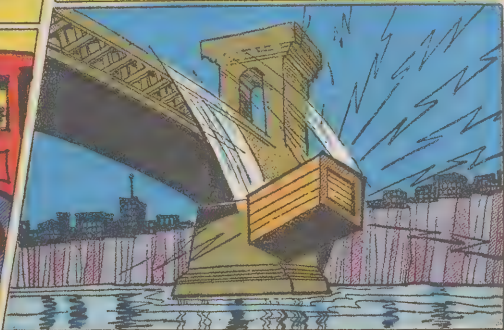
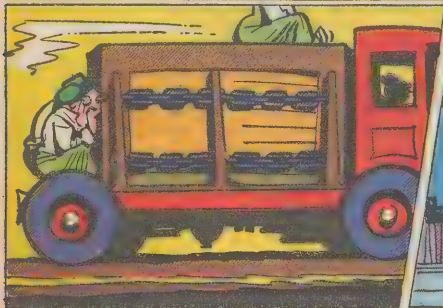
THEN THEY FLOODED EVERY INCH OF THE REMAINING SPACE WITH SOLID, DOUBLY REINFORCED CONCRETE.

NEXT THEY SLAMMED ON THE TOP AND DROVE THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF 6 INCH NAILS INTO THE STURDY OAK BOX, MAKING IT ONE SOLID UNIT...



PACKING-CASE CASEY HAD A HUGE TRUCK AT THE BACK DOOR (HE DIDN'T MISS A TRICK) HE SOON HAD THE CASE ABOARD AND DROVE (YOU GUESSED IT) STRAIGHT TO THE RIVER !!

WITH ONE MIGHTY HEAVE THEY TOSSED THE LOADED PACKING CASE INTO THE ALREADY FREEZING NEW ENGLAND RIVER BELOW ---



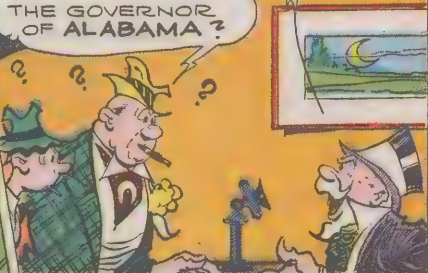
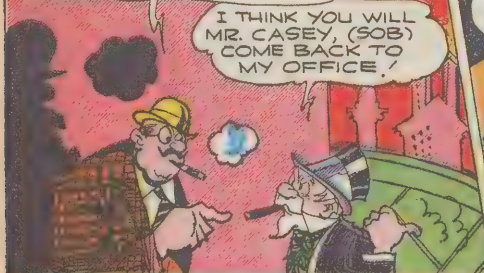
WE WATCHED IT CRASH-SPLASH-- THEN INSTANTLY SINK IN THE BLACK ICY WATERS BELOW!-- UGH!!

IN TWO MINUTES WE WERE BACK. AS WE ENTERED, THE PHONE RANG. IT WAS THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION AND THE STATE OF ALABAMA CALLING-- AND WHO DO YOU THINK WAS ON THE WIRE ?

NOW, MR. CIRCUS MAN, I THINK I'LL BE AFTER COLLECTIN' THE \$10,000 FORFEIT IN PRIZE MONEY.

I THINK YOU WILL MR. CASEY, (SOB) COME BACK TO MY OFFICE.

DON'T TELL ME THE GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA ?

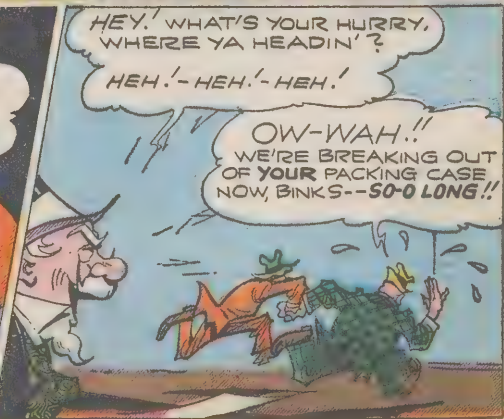


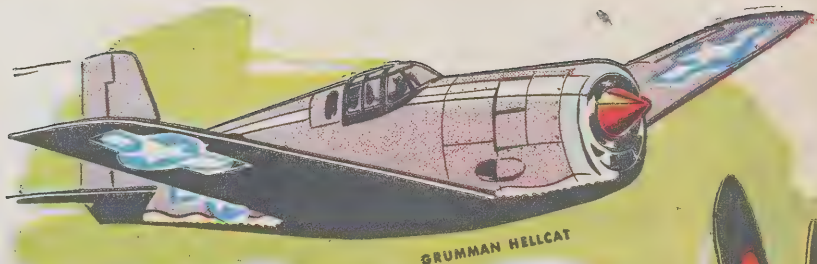
NO!... IT WAS ESCAPOLA..!!

HEY! WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, WHERE YA HEADIN' ?

HEH!- HEH!- HEH!

OW-WAH!! WE'RE BREAKING OUT OF YOUR PACKING CASE NOW, BINKS--SO-O LONG!!





GRUMMAN HELLCAT

LOOK AT THESE AMAZING FEATURES

- **Authentic models.** Realistic copies of actual war-famed fighters.
- **Actually fly.** Designed to glide and soar up to 75 feet or more when launched by hand.
- **Easy to build.** Assembly kits include complete cut-out sheets on special paper cover stock and step-by-step illustrated instructions.
- **Realistic detail.** Including such features as motor cowling and ventilator, cockpit cover, propeller hub. Indicating retractable landing gear, ailerons, landing flaps, machine guns.
- **Full color.** Hellcat in two tones of blue for water and sky camouflage. Nakajima in brilliant yellow and blue.
- **Official battle insignia.** Hellcat is marked with U. S. bar and star design. Nakajima displays red circle insignia of Imperial Japanese Air Force.
- **Over 9 inch wing spread.** For real gliding power.
- **Hollow fuselage.** Shaped to give recognition silhouette of planes modeled after.
- **Rugged construction.** Will fly hundreds of missions—indoors and out—without serious damage to ships.
- **G-line flight.** Rigged for continuous G-line flying your models will zoom, dive, climb, and hedge-hop—under your control.

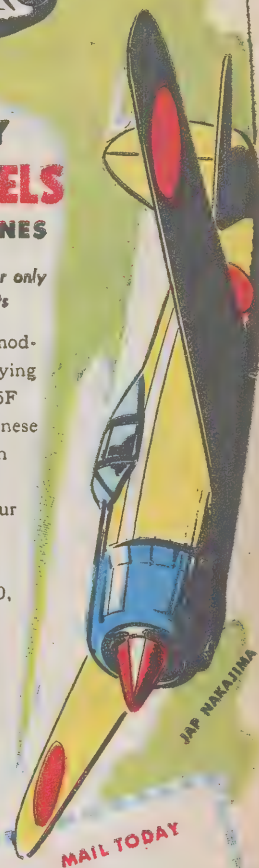
BUILD AND FLY AUTHENTIC MODELS OF FAMOUS FIGHTER PLANES

Get two complete unassembled planes for only
ONE Wheaties box top and five cents

Hurry! Get two easy-to-build, cut-out models exactly as illustrated. Real flying models of the U. S. Navy's deadly F6F Grumman Hellcat and the speedy Japanese plane, the Nakajima pursuit. Swell fun to build, and exciting to fly.

Use easy-to-mail coupon to order your planes. Or just send your name and address with one Wheaties box top and five cents to Jack Armstrong, Box 7310, Chicago, Illinois. Put your order in the mail today. This is a limited offer—good only while supplies last, or until February 1, 1945. So get going and get flying.

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of GENERAL MILLS, INC., Minneapolis, Minn.



JAP NAKAJIMA

IMPORTANT NOTICE:

These are planes 5 and 6 in a series of 12 famous fighters developed exclusively for Wheaties. THEY CAN BE OBTAINED ONLY THROUGH WHEATIES. Start right now to get every one of these flying models. And start enjoying more of the champion nourishment and zippy flavor in a big bowl of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions." Have Wheaties every morning . . . sometimes for lunch or supper . . . often for snacks.



TEAR OUT AND

JACK ARMSTRONG
Box 7310, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me TWO complete assembly kits for my flying models: U. S. Grumman Hellcat and Jap Nakajima. I enclose ONE Wheaties box top and five cents.

Name _____
Street Address _____ Zone _____ State _____
City _____

MAIL TODAY

SLAM BRADLEY



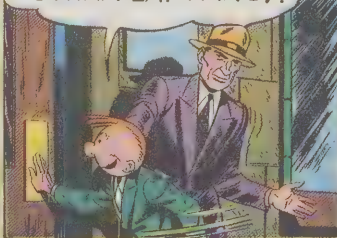
CRAZY JOBS ARE THE CONSTANT LOT OF THE PRIVATE COP, BUT THIS TIME SLAM BRADLEY AND HIS HALF-PINT PARTNER WIN THE PRIZE FOR A GOOFY ASSIGNMENT! WHAT A TANGLE OF TROUBLE FOR THE SOCKING SLEUTHS WHEN A REFORMED FILCHER HIRES THEM TO WATCH HIS CRIMES! THEN OUT OF A VERITABLE WELTER OF WANDERING WALLETS, EMERGES THE OLD TRUTH THAT..

"THE HAND IS QUICKER THAN THE EYE!"



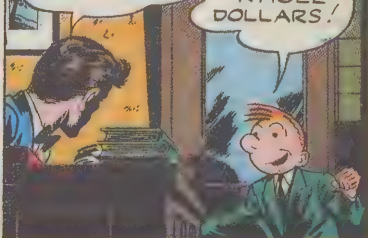
NOTE THE SATISFIED SMILE OF SHORTY, THE MIGHTY MITE, AS HE HASTENS TO MEET HIS PARTNER, SLAM. HAS HE JUST SOLVED AN IMPORTANT CASE? HAS HE DEALT CRIME ANOTHER CRUSHING BLOW? WELL--NOT QUITE!

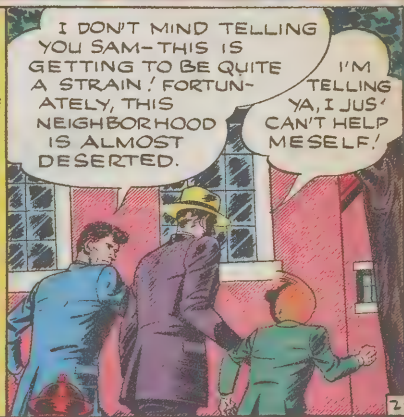
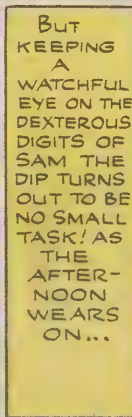
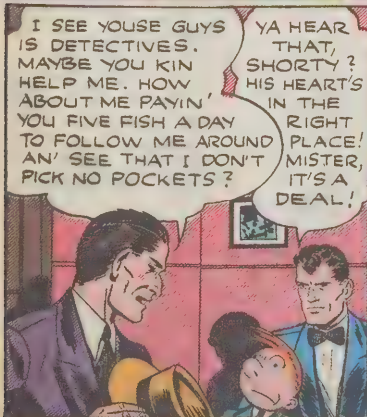
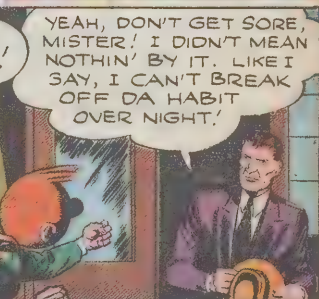
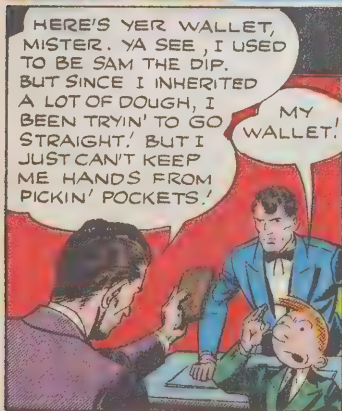
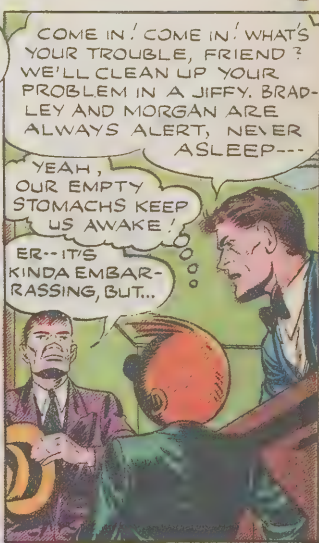
GOOD OL' CHARLEY-- WHAT A PAL TO RUN INTO! HERE'S ME AN' SLAM WITHOUT A DIME BETWEEN US, AN CHARLEY SLIPS ME THE FIVE HE BORROWED LAST YEAR. BOY--ARE WE GONNA EAT FANCY!

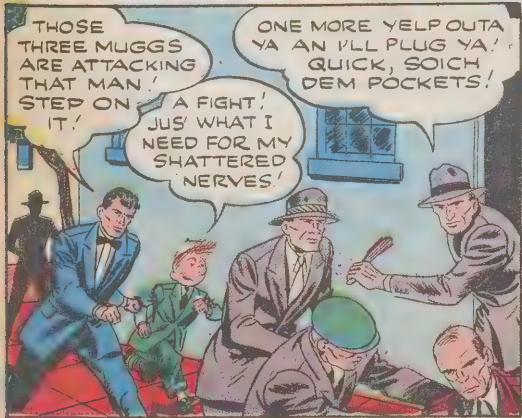
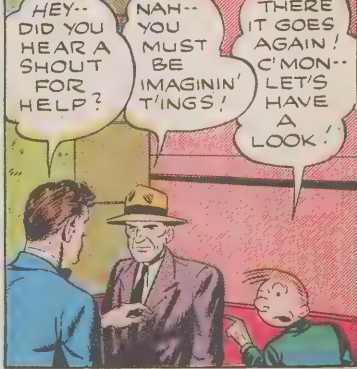
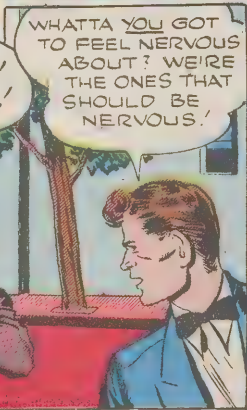
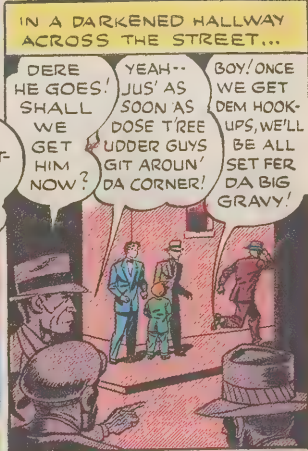
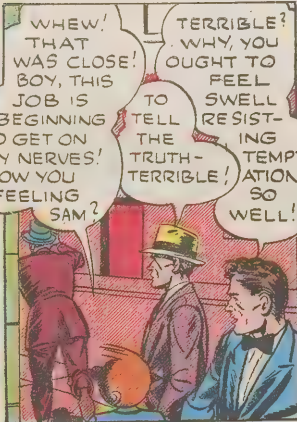


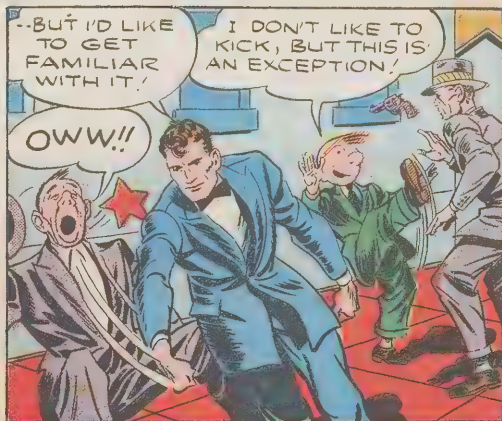
YOUR FACE LOOKS LIKE GOOD NEWS, RUNT! DID YOU PERSUADE NICK TO GIVE US CREDIT FOR A MEAL?

NO HASH-HOUSES FOR US TODAY, PAL! I AM THE EXCLUSIVE PROPRIETOR OF FIVE WHOLE DOLLARS!

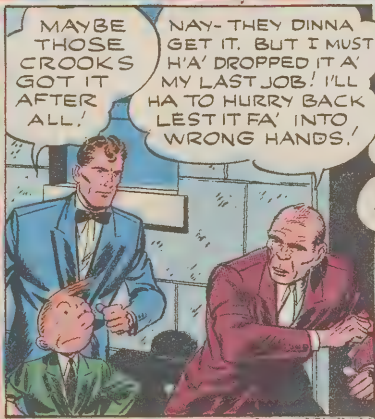
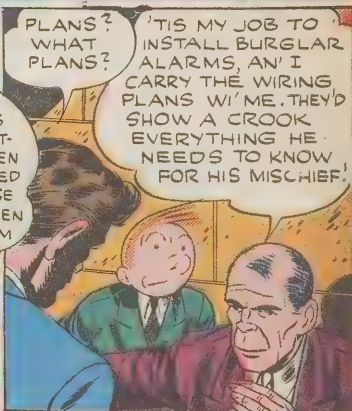


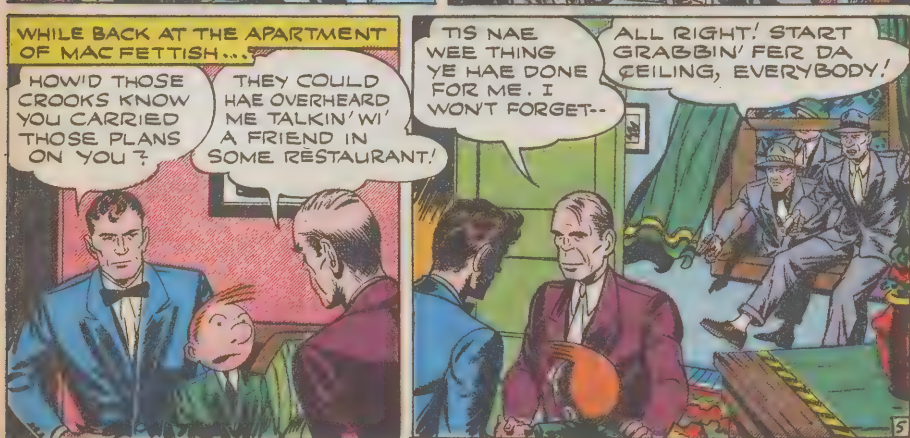
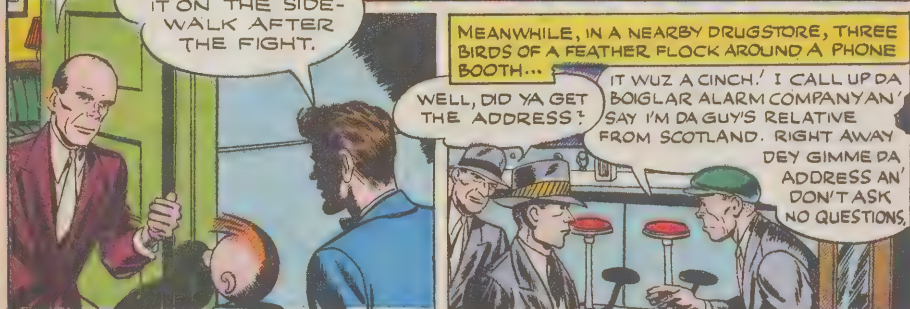
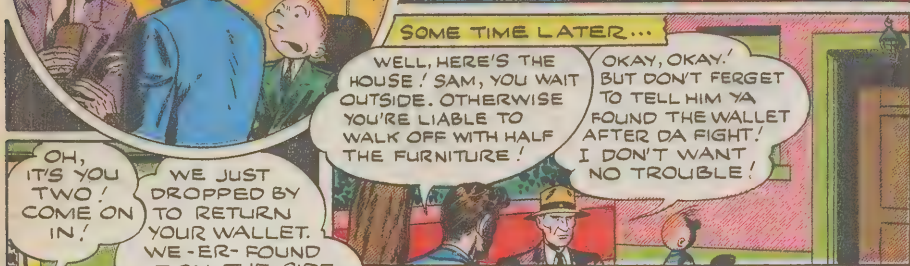


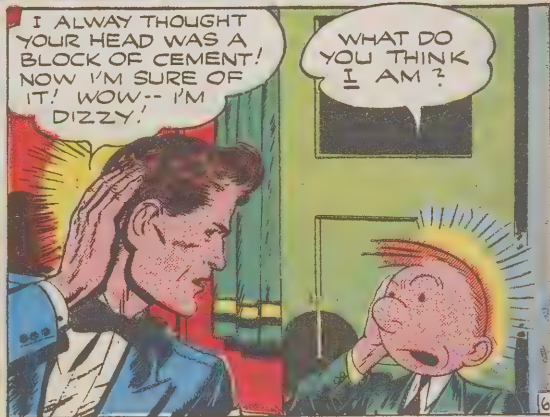
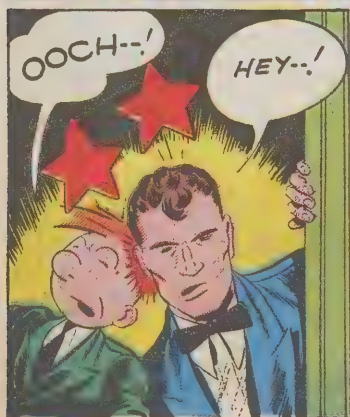
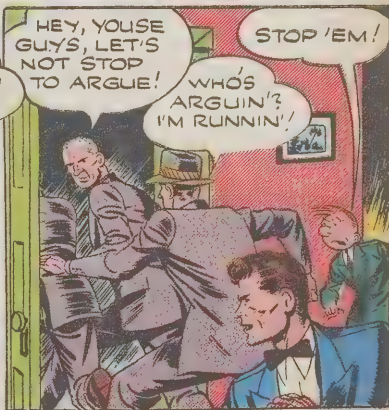
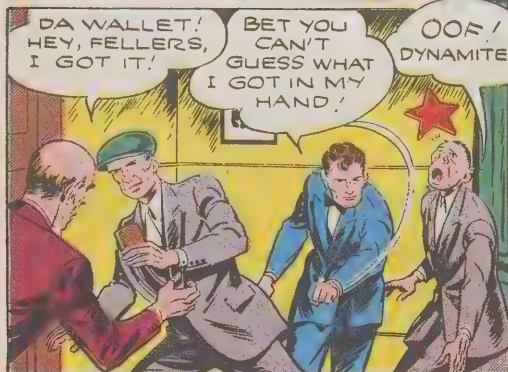


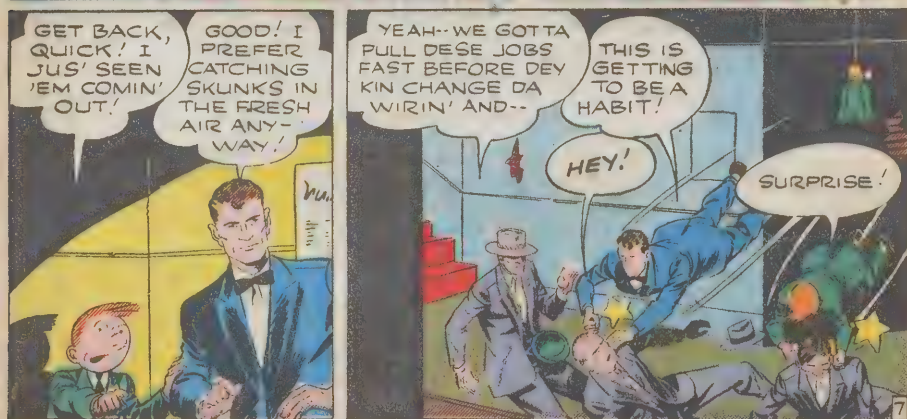
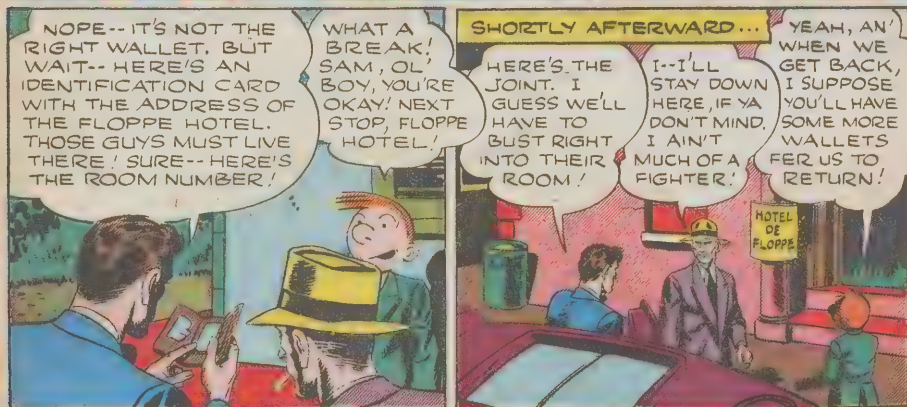
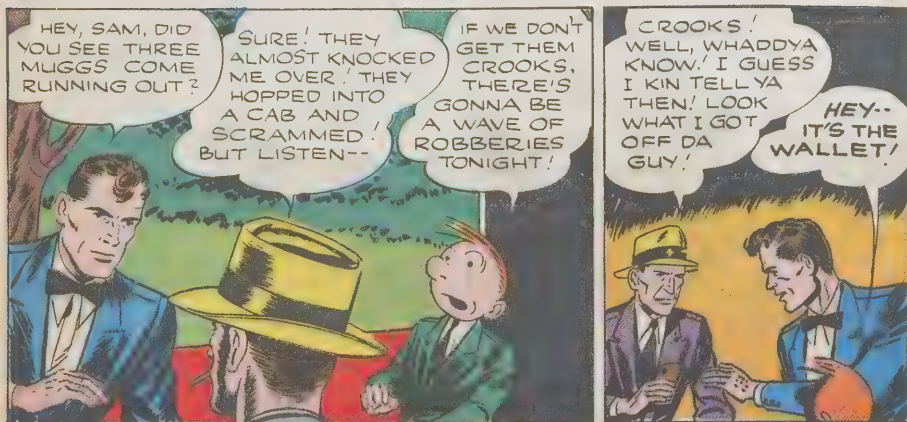


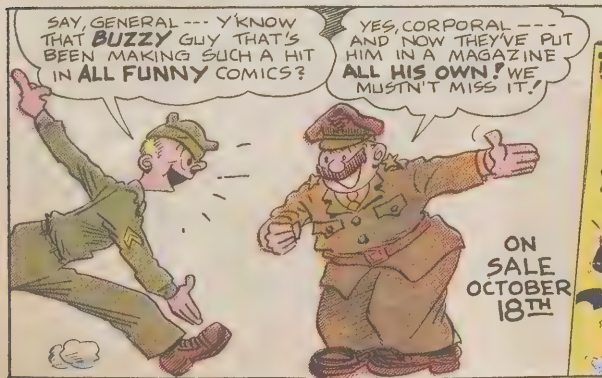
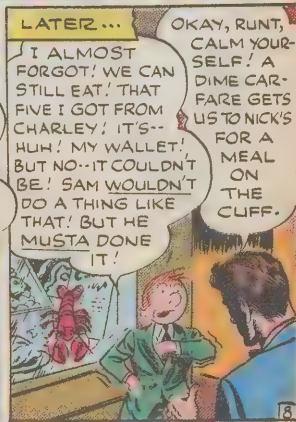
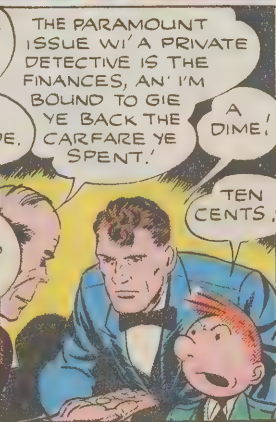
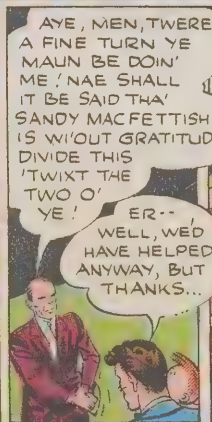
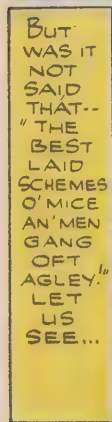
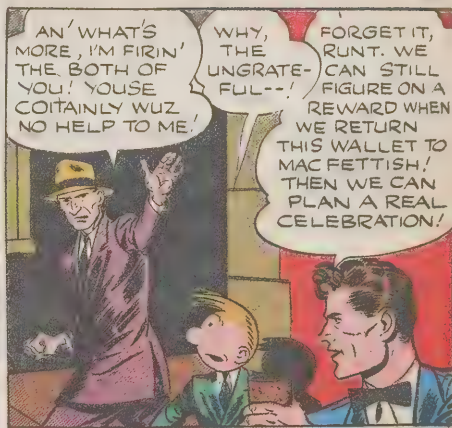
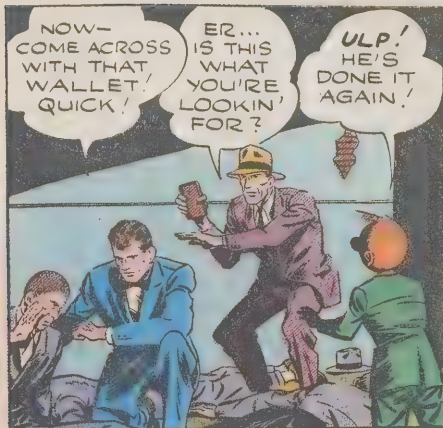
THE BATTLE ENDS, HOWEVER, WHEN FLYING FEET CARRY THE FRUSTRATED FELONS OUT OF RANGE OF FLYING FISTS!











READY FOR Christmas

The New Improved DAISY

CHATTERMATIC

RAT-TAT-A-TAT

Ready for you for Christmas or anytime — the new, improved DAISY CHATTERMATIC — America's most famous sub-machine play gun! (Not an air rifle.) Safe, thrilling fun. Shoots "NOISE" — and plenty of it! CHATTERMATIC has realistic handgrip, round machine-gun style magazine. Jet black barrel. Natural wood-finish stock with patriotic VICTORY INSIGNIA. Turn the firing crank... feel that easier, smoother "shooting action" — hear that exciting "Rat-Tat-Tat-Tat-Tat!" Sturdy, all-wood construction. It's the best — a DAISY! Ask your folks to mail only \$1 plus 10¢ for postage-handling direct to Daisy. We'll ship yours at once. Hurry!

Smooth Action SUB-MACHINE GUN

Only

\$1.00

BANG!

BANG!

New Improved DAISY

COMMANDO

Repeating PLAY GUN

New SMOOTHER-ACTION Pump Repeating BANG-Gun

\$1.50

HARMLESS



PARENTS!

These new, improved Daisy play guns carry the Commendation Seal from PARENTS' MAGAZINE. Both guns are harmless yet, supply fun, action and satisfying noise to children 4 to 11 years old. Superior DAISY quality, durability, craftsmanship is built into each gun. Order DIRECT today. (Prices subject to change without notice.)

FROM A MOTHER

"Thanks for making last Christmas the happiest ever for my little boy (8) and girl (6). The Daisy play guns were greeted with whoops of joy! My husband marveled at their like real looks and their noise. I was impressed by their durable construction and their low cost. They're both safe, good play guns and any Mother will call them the answer to the Gift Problem for birthdays, Christmas or any day."
(Mrs. V. S. Holtz—Seattle, Wash.)

FROM A BOY

"I wish me another Commando! I think it's a wonderful gun. I used my old Commando about two years... now I want the new, better one. All the kids say its looks and actions are so real. My folks like it because it's so safe and well-made and doesn't cost much."
Rickey Smith—Billings, Mont.

FROM A GIRL

"Such as my brother Ted

got his Chattermatic. I had to have one too. So here's the money Mother gave me to buy it with. Several of my girl friends are going to get theirs soon. It makes a dandy noise. It's so easy to use and so much fun!"
Diane Hudson
Peihem Manor, N. Y.

FROM A FATHER

"The Daisy Chattermatic and Commando I bought for Billy and Bob last Christmas are the finest type workmanship I've seen on any

wooden "War-Time" play guns. That name "DAISY" on the stock means the same quality, reliability and performance it meant to me 25 years ago when I, too, had a Daisy. After the war, my sons will be old enough for a real Daisy Air Rifle and I'll teach them how to shoot. Meanwhile, these beautiful, harmless Daisy Pump Guns you now make for younger boys and girls, are the best Christmas gifts I know of. Keep up the good work!"
(Mr.) George Greene
Little Rock, Ark.

ORDER NOW ON THIS COUPON!

The Supply is Limited — Rush Your Order Now!

DAISY MFG. CO., 5012 Union St., Dept. 4, Plymouth, Michigan
Send postpaid the Daisy Play Guns checked below for which I enclose price plus postage-handling charge.
() DAISY CHATTERMATIC (\$1.00 plus 10¢ postage-handling charge.)
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NAME _____

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CITY _____ STATE _____

(Please PRINT Name, Address, City)



HOW TO ORDER

Order direct from Daisy. Send Money Order, check or cash being sent to include amount requested for postage. Your order will be shipped promptly postpaid. Return for full refund if not perfectly satisfied.



After Peace... DAISY AIR RIFLES

— and DAISY Bulls Eye Shot will be made by
DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., 5012 UNION ST., DEPT. 4, PLYMOUTH, MICH.

battling. He never forgot Pop's instruction, the first day Pop had decided to put young Eddie in the amateurs over at the CVO in Chicago. "Give your public a good fight, Eddie," Pop had said, "and an honest one. If you give the best you've got in you, they'll never let you down."

And the public hadn't. Through the years, Eddie Blane fought. He was afraid of no one, even today. But he had an idea that tonight he was losing his crown.

Oddly, the thought made him very happy. He noticed Cleary staring at him and, abashedly, wiped the grin from his face. No use being sentimental about this thing. He couldn't lick the young fellow who'd be out there in the ring tonight, and he knew it.

"Okay, Champ," Buckles, his handler, popped into the room. "I've got your stuff. Let's go down the hall."

They had to do that this time. For the newsreels. Otherwise, Eddie wouldn't have consented. This room, he felt, was like a good luck charm. But the newsreels wanted shots in the other room, so. . .

He faced the battery of lamps, a smile on his face, listened to the familiar whir of the cameras. This was old stuff to him, but tonight it was new. The muscles rippled beneath his tanned body as he stood there in fighting gear.

He suddenly felt a little tired.

Then it was over. "Thanks, Eddie. Good luck." They all liked him, these strange men who poked their cameras all over the world. Most of the cameramen he knew were working on the battlefronts. Eddie got a big kick out of the clips when he visited the newsreel theatre. Which was often nowadays.

He thought of that as he walked down the long corridor. Yes, he had been watching those newsreels a lot more anxiously than people thought.

As he told himself, he had a reason, a good reason.

Only right now he wouldn't have to think about it. A Blane could always take care of himself.

A sudden stillness shook Eddie Blane out of his reverie. Something was happening outside, in the arena. He heard Buckles running behind him. "C'mon, Champ," he said. "We can't miss this."

Eddie double-timed ahead, elbowed his way between the two special policemen standing at the entrance the fighters used going to the ring. They grinned when they saw him. "Some night, huh, Champ?"

But Eddie wasn't looking at them. His eyes were on the Army officer standing in the middle of the ring. The officer was talking into a microphone, thanking the packed house for their contributions to the Bond Drive.

And then Eddie's gaze shifted, and he saw the tall, bronzed young man step into the ring. The officer looked over, smiled as the boy climbed through the ropes. He didn't mention the boy's name over the loud speaker. He didn't have to. Everyone knew who the young Marine was, what he had done. The papers had been filled with his exploits. The bright lights

glinted on the golden Marine insignia on the boy's blue dressing gown.

"C'mon, Eddie," Buckles urged. "Get goin' into the ring."

Eddie's eyes were wet as he walked through a wall of cheers, and climbed through the ropes. The place was bedlam as the boy he was to box an exhibition fight with came toward him, then threw his arms around him.

"C'mon, Pop," he whispered. "We'll show 'em you're still the champ. Even if you have been retired ten years and this is an exhibition bout."

Eddie Blane grinned happily, looked at his son, recently returned from the battle zone. It had been a happy idea of Cleary's to have Old Eddie and Young Eddie box in this War Bond Cavalcade of Sports.

"Okay, Son," Eddie Blane said, huskily. "Get back into your corner. And come out fighting at the bell."

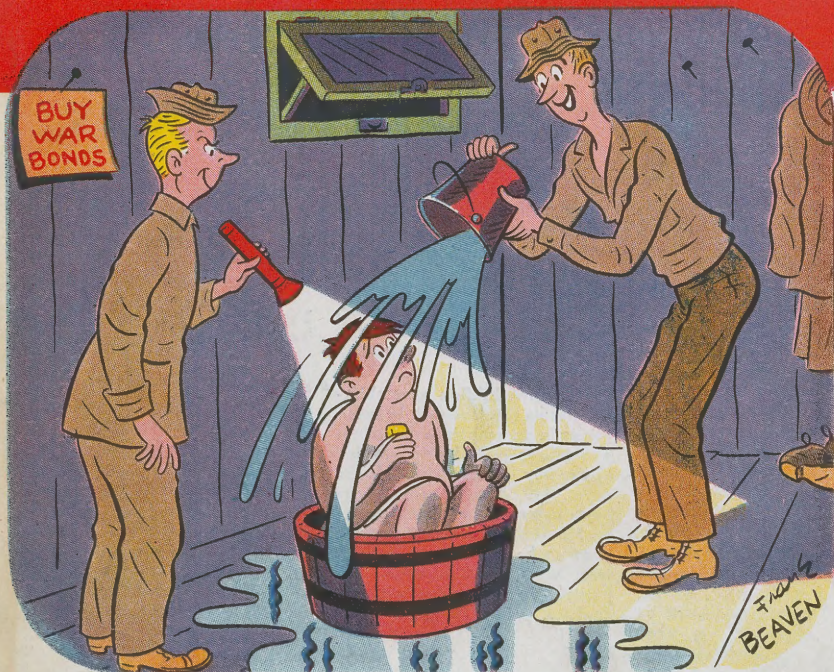
He smiled happily as he walked into his own corner. He was thinking of Young Eddie's record in the South Pacific as he said to Buckles: "There's the real champ, Buckles—him and all the rest of the boys in uniform—and nobody in this world'll beat 'em."

You tell it to
SOMEONE
who repeats it to
SOMEONE
who's overheard by
SOMEONE
in Axis pay, so
SOMEONE
you know . . . may die!

Office of
War Information
Washington, D. C.



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